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PICTURESQUE



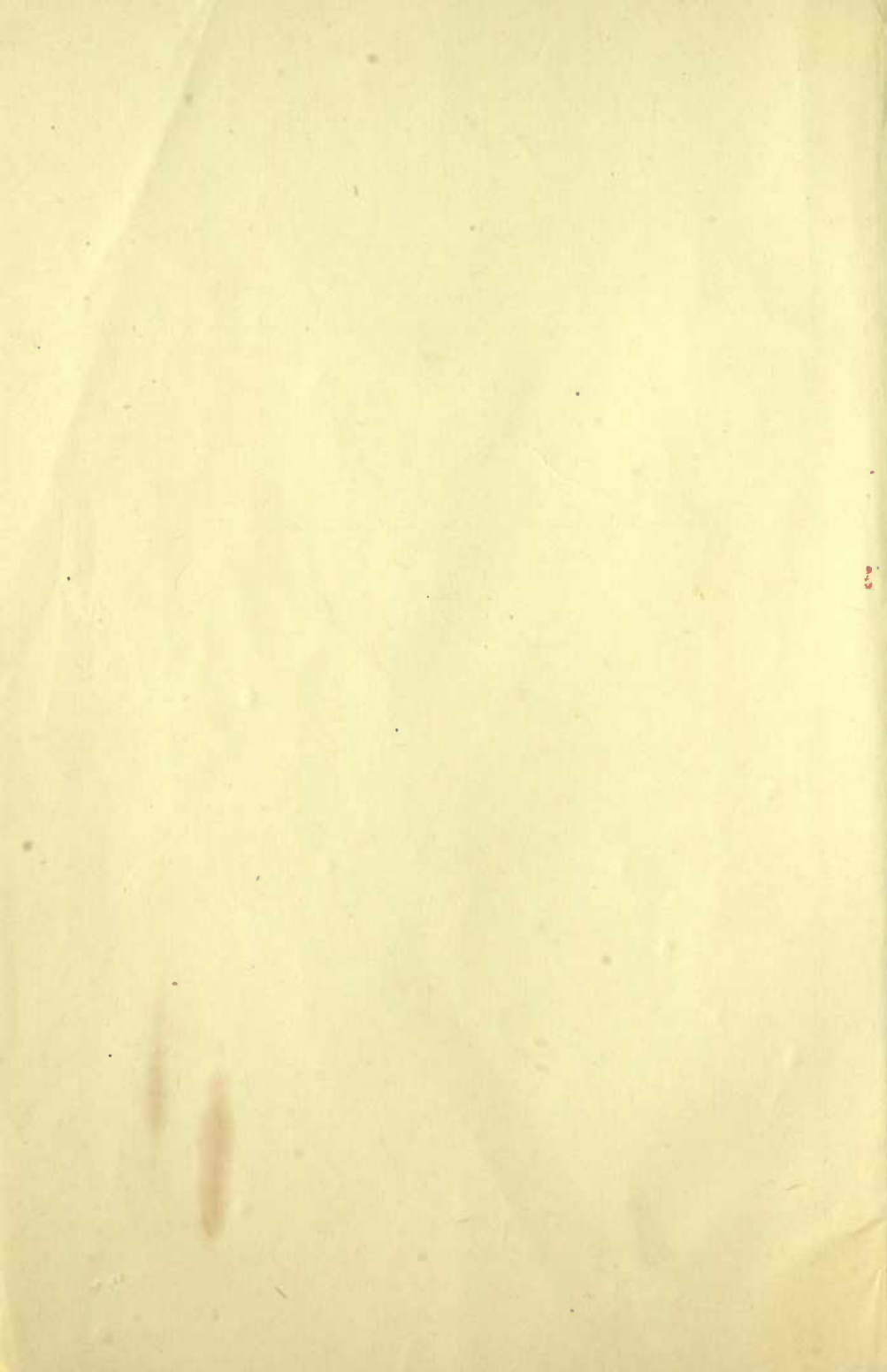
PRINCE EDWARD
COUNTY.

By Helen M. Merrill.





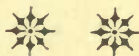




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PRINCE EDWARD
COUNTY.



BY HELEN M. MERRILL.



PICTON:

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1892.

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year 1892, by Helen M. Merrill, at the Department of
*A*griculture.

PREFACE.

FREQUENTLY a wish has been expressed, that in some way the matchless, wonderful scenery of Prince Edward County be made more widely known.

Though conscious of my inability to do it anything like justice, I am endeavoring in carefully compiling and giving this phamplet proper circulation, to make it a means to that end. I am confident our charming county has only to be made well known to become one of the most popular of summer resorts.

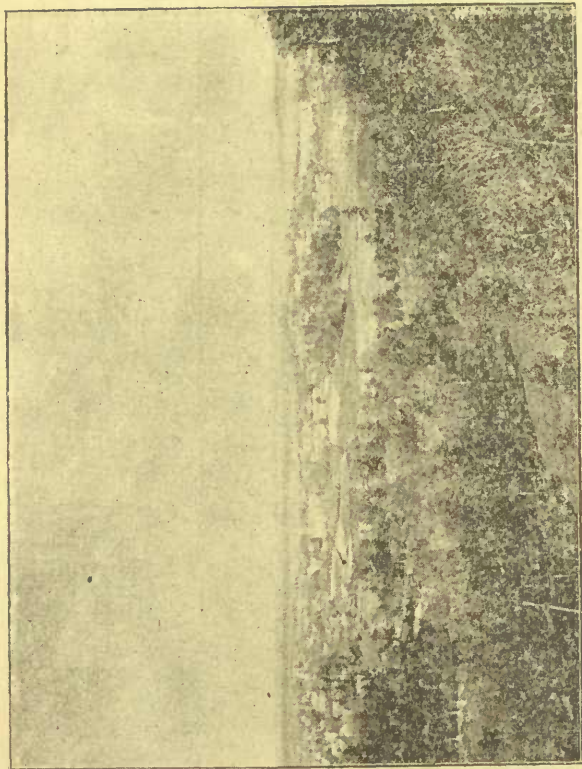
HELEN M. MERRILL.

MEMORANDUM

It is to be noted that the Board of Directors of the
New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company
has decided to

There is a considerable amount of work to be done
in connection with the proposed
consolidation of the
various companies
and it is to be noted that the
Board of Directors of the
New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company
has decided to

HENRY M. MERRILL



FROM A NEGATIVE.

BY E. B. MERRILL.

Pieton from the Reservoir.

Picturesque ❁ ❁

❁ Prince Edward.

Pieton.

WHEN Waterloo's thunders affrighted the earth,
When Waterloo flashed its dread fires on the sky,
A thousand bright heroes in carnage had birth,
A thousand brave heroes were born but to die.

There PICTON stood forth like a rock in the storm ;
He moved not, he failed not, though legions oppressed ;
"Though death in each missile assailed his proud form,
Though death at each moment some hero had blessed.

And so for such valor (a tale like to those
Metamorphoses told in Ovidian story)
Great PICTON is now, as all the world knows,
A beautiful town. Isn't that enough glory ?

E. M.

Prince Edward County.

BEAUTIFUL are the hills and the fertile valleys of Prince Edward, a peninsula reaching out into the lower portions of Lake Ontario and literally fringed with lovely inlets and picturesque points. Numerous, too, are its bays, lakes and streams, all of which abound in fish, while wild-ducks and other game are plentiful in season.

This county lying thus apart from the eastern lake counties contains some 233,000 acres valued at about \$7,500,000, the population being more than 20,000.

A canal, the placid Murray, runs through its narrow isthmus near the Carry-ing Place, an old Indian portage, and through this the mail steamers pass on their way down the lake to Montreal.

And now come with me around the county in one of Fancy's airy skiffs—

Eager Fancy unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind
Sweeping onward like the wind.

Let us go north out of Picton Bay and up the Long Reach over the wind-fretted waters of the Bay of Quinte, turning south-west around Grassy Point and sailing by many bays and islands and green points till we reach the head of the Bay of Quinte. Here we rest for a little time on the stony shore of Indian Island, a favorite rendezvous of Indians in days long gone by. Many curious relics have been found here. We hunt about for some, but finding none in our careless search, pass on and through the quiet canal and into Weller's Bay, then out again by Bald Head Island into the blue lake and on past Nicholson's Island leaving Pleasant Bay and Huyck's Bay on our left. Rounding a point here we soon reach Wellington, a village delightfully situated on the lake shore, fanned all summer by refreshing lake-breezes. It is a popular summer resort, and among those who have summer residences here, is E. W. Rathbun, Esq., of Deseronto. And now we enter West Lake, sail among its beautiful islands and out again along the shiny reaches of the magnificent white Sand Hills forming its western boundary, then on round West Point into Little Sandy Bay and through the lovely outlet into East Lake. This and West Lake are the two largest in the county, and both are fine fishing resorts. And now we are off again out of the lake and bay round Salmon Point and into Soup Harbor. Lake Ontario off Salmon Point and other

shores, abounds in salmon-trout, huge, delicious fellows! I speak advisedly here, having enjoyed an ample slice for breakfast. Soon we round Point Petre and sail by a long reach of coast having many pretty bays and points, obtaining, as we turn Point Traverse, a view of the False Ducks and Timber Island lying out in the great lake. And now we enter South Bay and follow its fine shores round to the Black River, a stream in some places 100 yards wide, its length being five or six miles. Then on we sail by several beautiful points, and Wapoose Island, into Smith's Bay, and here from a height of land above its far shore we have

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT VIEW

in the county, and one scarcely surpassed on the continent. Far below the point of vision lie the murmurous waters of the blue bay with headland on headland all gay with fresh unfolded leaves, then Wapoose Island with its wave-swept shores and beyond this, the broad, far-shining bosom of South Bay, and still on out, Point Traverse, Timber Island and the False Ducks. And yet around, and on and on, and beyond all these, the shoreless, wind-haunted sweep of the ever-lasting lake!

Sailing on again we pass Cape Vesey, round Point Pleasant into the Bay of Quinte, and soon enter one of our prettiest inlets, Prinyer's Cove. The fishing here is excellent and yachting parties often run in for a few days' sport. Leaving here, our next resting-place is Glenora, on the Bay of Quinte, about five miles from Picton. They have a comfortable hotel here near the wharf, and also several cottages in notches on the luxuriantly-wooded hill-side, and above by the Lake on the Mountain.

Here, too, at the wharf, are the Little Giant Turbine water-wheel works, also a grist and a plaster mill, the machinery of these being worked by water conducted through pipes from the lake above.

A CAVE

close by this peaceful village, down a short, dangerous path overhanging a precipice near where a lovely "bridal veil" falls in spring-time on rocks in the deeps of a glen, when the melting of the snow causes an overflow of the lake, is found a small, dark, leaf-shadowed passage about 20 feet long, leading into a jagged-walled cave some 10 feet high and 50 feet in circumference, its walls being of solid lime-stone, wherein, by the light of a candle or lantern, one may read here and there, the names of many who have visited this curious cavern. Formed naturally in a huge, high cliff, though the passage seems to have been smaller at some remote period, and to have been chiselled away in places, it is a rare curiosity.

And who can tell aught of the history of this marvellous structure?

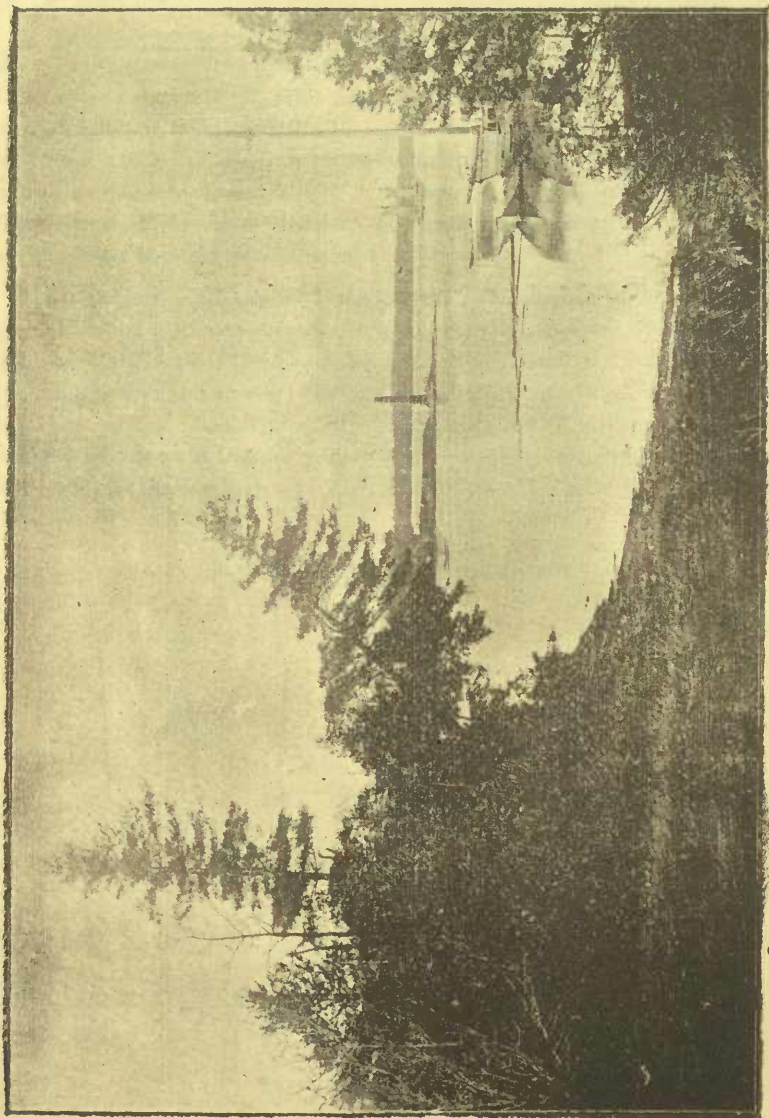
This path has led hither since time immemorial, trodden perhaps, by Indians who may have used this cave for a rendezvous, or, may be, by stranger souls: the cliff-dwellers of prehistoric ages.

In a short time we are home again, and now for a drive! Let us see several of the lakes. They are all fine fishing-resorts, Consecon Lake near Weller's Bay, being full of fish: salmon-trout, pike, pickerel, rock and black bass, perch, sun-fish, &c. Roblin's lake, at Roblin's Mills, is similar to the Lake on the Mountain described elsewhere, and Landon's Lake, a mere handful of dark, deep water with mystery lending a charm to its black depths, is situated in a ravine between two precipitous hills between Picton and Glenora, and can be approached on one side only, the surroundings in other places being boggy.

And now just a glimpse of Trout Creek. This stream of limpid, tree-shadowed water, the haunt of a thousand speckled beauties, appears first in a wood about a mile and a half from Picton and flows on and ever on through thickets and pleasant groves, and sunny spaces, sliding finally into West Lake after a run of about four miles. Besides its fame as a fishing-resort, it possesses other interest centered in some old Indian pottery that has been discovered near its winding pathway, and from which a number of curious relics have been unearthed.

H. M. M.





FROM A NEGATIVE.

Picton Bay from Brick-kiln Point.

BY W. F. JOINSON.

Picton.

SITUATED at the head of Picton Bay in Prince Edward County about forty miles from the City of Kingston, is the picturesque town of Picton, having a population of about 3,200. It is lighted by electricity, and supplied with water for fire, lawns, &c., from water-works, the reservoir being on a hill south of the town. From this hill one catches glimpses of the white Sand Hills ten miles distant between West Lake and Lake Ontario; then a long line of blue hills beyond Belleville city; and far below him a magnificent valley through which once was an Indian Trail, an old Portege or Carrying Place, and on a beautiful table-land beyond this the pretty town of Picton and Picton Bay below.

In and around the town are many delightful drives, and trips by land or water may be taken to various places: The Sand Hills ten miles distant; The Lake on the Mountain, 5 miles; Kingston, 40; The Thousand Islands; Alexandria Bay; Montreal; and in an opposite direction, a boat goes daily through the Murray Canal to Brighton touching at Belleville 36 miles distant from Picton, and two large steamers cross the lake weekly to Charlotte.

Five steamers (on Saturdays and Mondays, six,) run in here, four of them calling twice a day.



The Sand Banks.

FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

THE famous and curious Sand Banks of Prince Edward County were a revelation to me. Standing on the highest dome, its sharply defied ridge showing the pathway of the air currents, the view is as unique as it is striking and beautiful. In the west a vast sandy amphitheatre, enclosed by the ever-receding hills as they are blown inland; a wide sweep of sandy beach, where long lines of white caps are being chased in by the freshening breeze; a wider sweep of Lake Ontario, reaching to the mainland, to a group of islands outlined against the sky, and to the lighthouses, whose lamps have just been lighted. In the east an ideal rural scene of well-tilled farms, comfortable homes, winding drives among full foliaged groves, twin island lakes (where the sandy-whiskered fisherman's "golnation!" is heard every time a fish escapes) mirroring their banks in their miniature bays; in the south a mile of rock-bound shore, the shale being carved into imitations of temples and turrets, of cliff dwellings and portalled caves; above and around and over all the flood of sunset waves tinges all the world with supernatural beauties beyond any mortal's pen to describe.

The Sand Banks, indeed, vary in appearance with each change of atmosphere or period of the day. When glittering in the morning sun, with a white brightness almost dazzling to the sight, they are totally distinct from their aspect under the purple or crimson glow of these marvellous sunsets. When, too, they stand out in bold relief against a background of blue-black storm clouds their whiteness is strangely expressive and in startling contrast to the grey shroud of a rainy day or the sympathetic purity of the moon's rays. Still another effect is witnessed when a huge bonfire is lighted on the beach, casting its red reflection on the sandy slopes.

Sand storms are not infrequent, especially during the early spring or late fall. Under the pressure of a comparatively light wind I saw the sand blown, but so impalpable are its particles that it could only be felt on the face or seen as a mist in front of a dark background of trees. During a heavy autumn blow, however, it rises in waves ten or twelve feet in height as it sweeps over the rounded surface or up the track of the valleys. In the winter such a movement as this after a snowstorm covers up the snow and ice, which can be easily found during the summer by digging to a depth of two or three feet. At present the banks in the locality I visited extend for nearly four miles along the shore and from three-

quarters to a mile inland, the maximum height being one hundred and fifty feet. Similar, but smaller banks exist elsewhere in the county.

The force and power of these mighty hills are seen in their ever-onward movement inland, and in the sand-submerged groves that have been slowly enveloped until only an area of tree-tops protrudes from the surface. At other points their work of destruction is plainly visible in the pine and fir and other trees whose trunks are already hidden and whose branches and foliage have been starved or choked to a yellowing death. The advancing mass—reaching out in some directions at the rate of fifteen feet per year—is still eating up farm lands, and even homes if they chance to come in its way. Houses are seen here and there that are already partially submerged, and, of course, deserted.

The Sand Banks are a paradise for birds as well as city-tired folk. "How many varieties are found there?" I asked an old resident. "Name one that is not represented," was his reply. Walking along the sand beach early one morning I came across a company of cranes, fifty or more, feeding on the dead fish. Suddenly, but not until I was very near them, they stretched their great wings and flew to the summits of the surrounding dunes, where they anathematised me for my unwarrantable interference. The next day double the four-and-twenty black-birds whirled around me like pieces of black clouds, while near them and in the same grove a great crowd of crows, cawing hoarsely, left their disturbed rookery for a safer retreat. Perched on a fence was a plump little woodpecker, working hard to find his dinner in the worm-eaten rail. So earnest was he in his task, and so hungry must he have been, that he paid no attention to my gradual approach, beyond putting one bright, tiny eye on watch until I was within arm's length, when he hopped to the next rail and permitted a second close visit. But that eye did its duty and a slowly outstretched hand made the energetic nibbler fly to a neighboring tree top. Sandpipers and plovers are also numerous, as well as all kind of wild fowl in the autumn.



Sand Waifs.

(SAND BANKS 1892.)

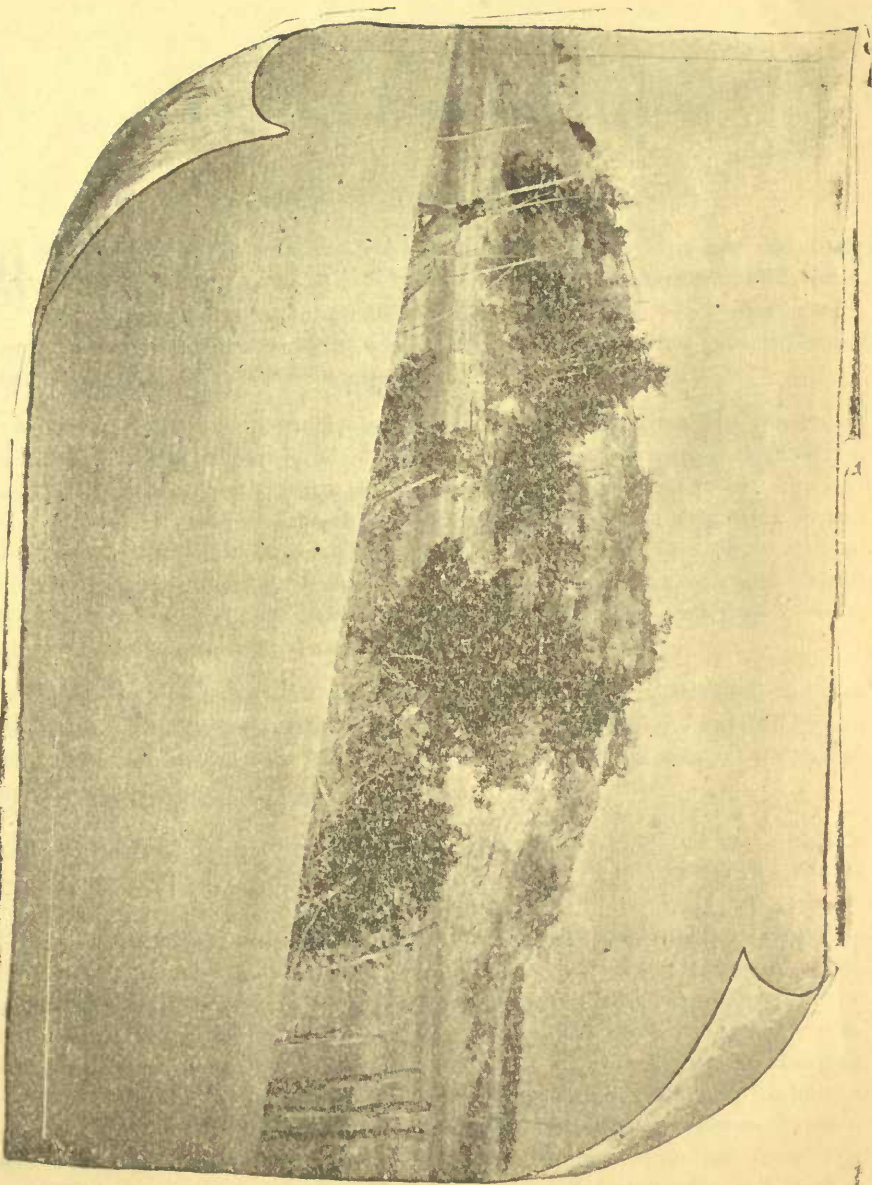
LET me lie here, so, with the sands of centuries whirled round me,
 Let me dream in the wind,
 Of a time beyond all times ere the white sands were sifted
 Swept ashore by the sea.

Let me dream—age follows age 'mid a whirl of suns,
 And stars, and moons ;
 Voices of strange men sound, and race after race goes by
 To journey the path of souls.

Let me lie here, so—I fain would dream alway
 On these white, eternal hills,
 In gold-dripping suns and dead sands swirled,
 Sifted and swept, and swirled.

H. M. M.





FROM A NEGATIVE.

Sand Banks

BY W. F. JOHNSON

Oui-a-ra-lih-to.

LEGEND OF THE SAND HILLS.

KEMANA, child of the great Lake-land, the very flowers love her and shake their scented bells to make sweet the way as she passes; butterflies float near, birds sing to her, and the sun drops gold on her tresses dark and glossy. Happy her voice as the song of the wind among blue-bells, and her eyes lovely and dark as shadows in forest pools under pines.

And now at the time of the blooming of the wake-robin, when the woodlands are full of young flowers and leaves, and the grasses green like green, soft velvet, Kemana steals from her wigwam out into the night and runs swift as a hunted deer, on and on through the forest till, suddenly, a great black thing, blacker than the pines with their thousand shadows, stands before her. It is a huge boulder lying at the verge of a hill, and she pauses by its lichened wall, clasps with a small brown hand a slim elm, and, peering down into the darkness, whistles a clear, mellow whistle like the call of a night-bird.

Glancing back into the wood whence she has come, she is startled, for she fancies she sees a figure almost obscure in the shadows, stirring, crouched by the path. Then she looks closer. No, it is but a low bough set in motion by a puff of wind.

Once again she whistles: Oe, oe.....oe, oe, oe, oe, oe!

"Kemana."

Up the hillside from under the garlands of vines and the hemlock-boughs Ken-na-ron-gwe has come out of his hiding-place many a span down the great slope. He is her lover, not long since her father's captive taken in an encounter with a hostile tribe. Her father, a great Chief, decrees she shall wed a young brave who will one day be their Chief when he has gone away into the boundless Hunting Grounds. Yet now Kemana loves Ken-na-ron-gwe, and she will go with him to his home far away by the blue Ontario where the billows fling sunward their great white pearls, and the winds blow the shining sands up from the sea, piling them in wondrous dunes like hills of silver gleaming afar and fretted now in the sunny May-time with the pale pink blossoms of wild cherries.

And now it happens she has left her tribe to-night happy to follow Ken-na-ron-

gwe anywhere under the stars. Yet a little time they linger in the shadow of their trysting-place. The moon rises afar beyond the river and the low black hills ; they hear wood-doves cooing and the trill of an *atheiky* ; a lone owl sweeps by, and something stirs in the dead leaves at their feet. It is a great toad.

Presently they look about them for a pathway down the dark slope, when, suddenly Ken-na-rong-we clasps with a close clasp his trembling bride, then grasps his battle-axe.

There are faces in the grass ; five-score fierce, dark faces. Escape is impossible. If they but stir a flight of arrows will sweep the night.

And now as Ken-na-rong-we grasps his weapon many dark forms leap up from the grasses, and the bushes of juniper, a savage cry rends the hot night air, and Ken-na-rong-we is once again a captive in strong arms.

* * * * *

Dark is the night on the deep stream, on the bosom of the Sleeping Sorrow, dark and silent, and full of clouds. River-voices are still, and the winds have crept away into wildernesses full of shadows. In mid-stream lies a small island strewn with wild grape-vines, dwarfed pines, elms and maples, and from a clearing apart a little way from the water gleam the vermillion flames of a death-fire casting gaunt tree-shadows for many a span out on the dark, stirless river. Near the hot breath of the flames Kemana is fast-bound to the bole of an ancient pine where motionless she stands gazing into the fire watching the flames as they leap into air licking the black shadows of the night.

Here and there above the grasses, white May-apple blossoms shine like small moons ; a wounded black-snake stirs occasionally, and a lone *Otchi-to-mou* chatters overhead.

Ken-na-rong-we lies helpless on the grass beyond the flames, Kemana cannot see him, yet the half-dozen braves who have brought him hither will soon cast him into the flames, he will die near her.

And now presently it happens as they begin a wild death-dance about the hungry flames, a sudden cry comes out of the darkness, striking terror to every heart of the braves.

It is the voice of the mysterious Oui-a-ra-lih-to ! the dwarf, wiser than their Sachems, and almost great as Manitto. And, at the sound of his cry, the warriors disappear as shadows at dawn before the on-coming sun. Then uttering again his wild cry Oui-a-ra-lih-to releases the captives and guides them in safety beyond the southern hills.

* * * * *

Long summers have gone by since Kemana came from the shadowy forests with Ken-na-rong-we to live by the great shore ; whole tribes since then have

passed away ; yet the winds blow the silver sands up from the sea, and the waves scatter their cold pearls in the sun. And now never a blossom is seen upon the peaceful hills for the small wild-cherry shrubs have disappeared, stifled by the drifting of the sand. In many places the long reach of white is shadowed by growths of trees fragrant and green, and the slopes beneath are strewn with innumerable grey limbs, lifeless, and time-shattered. Not a smoke-wreath curls above the tree-tops, not a wigwam is seen, for the Red Man is gone from the hills, his arrows are shivered, and his foot-prints filled by the moving sands.

Still wild and beautiful are the dunes at the shining of the yellow sun, when summer winds blow off the lake, flinging about great wafts of white sand which settles and sifts with thin sound through low-drooping boughs of balm and cedar ; and magnificent in their strength when winds are wild, are the surging waves foaming in upon the shore with voices deep and tumultuous.

But sometimes the air is stirless and the voice of the blue sea is heard only in whispers ; the moonbeams like spirits throng the white hills and the shadows hide in trees :

Then listen.....

Soft as the voice of the southern wind singing to the wake-robins—near by, so near that it seems to float up from the sands, comes a voice exquisitely sweet, you cannot guess its sweetness who have never heard the song of Indian girl.

It is Kemana, singing in the moonlight of flowers, and birds, and the falling asleep of the sun.....Sh.....!

H. M. M.



In The Woods.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

MY footsteps press where, centuries ago,
The Red Men fought and conquered; lost and won.
Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,

Have found the Eternal Hunting-Grounds, and run
The fiery gauntlet of their active days.

Till few are left to tell the mournful tale :
And these inspire us with such wild amaze

They seem like spectres passing down a vale
Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their way

Towards some bourn where darkness blinds the day,
And night is wrapped in mystery profound.

We cannot lift the mantle of the past :
We seem to wander over hallowed ground :

We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast.

THERE WAS A TIME—and that is all we know !

No record lives of their ensanguined deeds :
The past seems palsied with some giant blow,

And grows the more obscure on what it feeds.
A rotted fragment of a human leaf ;

A few stray skulls ; a heap of human bones !
These are the records—the traditions brief—

'Twere easier far to read the speechless stones.
The fierce Ojibways, with tornado force,

Striking white terror to the hearts of braves !
The mighty Hurons, rolling on their course,

Compact and steady as the ocean waves !
The stately Chippewas, a warrior host !

Who were they ? Whence ?—And why ? No human tongue can
boast !

A Letter.

SAND BANKS. AUGUST, 1890.

HAVING just returned from an after-dinner stroll in the tree-shadows past the cottages and out to West Point, I am now come to rest awhile on the rocks to tell you all about the Sand Hills, the white dunes that stretch away northerly from the Lake Shore House.

The great lake, the fair Ontario, is calm to-day; only quiet waves drift languidly in, vanishing with a restful sigh as they touch the shore, and, as far as the eye can see, the waters are blue and limpid, and full of that same beautiful coloring you see everywhere in the Great Lakes and down the grand St. Lawrence. Near me the birds are singing, there is not a cloud in the sky, and what with a wealth of sun-gold, and a soft perfumed wind stirring the woods to music, the summer day is ideal.

Here near me lie the hills. Ten miles away, down in Picton viewed from Macaulay's Hill their sands seem white in contrast with all that is dark about them, but close by they are of a delicate fawn color, and, composed chiefly of fine quartz, are heavy, so that once when a barrellful was sent away several hundred miles distant, the barrel reached its destination, *empty*.

The chain is composed of many hills of various heights, the sands shadowed here and there with groves of evergreens and poplars. Only yesterday I climbed one of the hills and rested there to read awhile from an old volume, and my thoughts soon filled with the poet-soul that had passed this way more than sixty years ago, and I sought the mood which was his at the time of writing—the one true way to enjoy an author—and read again his verses written in 1828

Here Nature in some playful hour
Has fondly piled these hills of sand,
Which seem the frolic of her power,
Or effort of some magic hand.

Far o'er the wide extended shore,
The hills in conic structure rise,
And seem as never trod before,
Save by the playmates of the skies.

PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD.

And while the waves' reflected shade
Is flung along each rising mound,
I watch the curling figures made,
Which half I reclaim 'tis fairy ground.

Here Oberon, and Mab, his queen,
Have colonized their infant train,
From Scotland's hills and Erin's green,
Where many a happy day they've lain.

But joy be theirs—I will not bring
One recollection to their view,
Or of their harp touch one soft string,
Or thoughts of other days renew.

Enough for me to gaze upon
The wild-fruit nodding on each hill,
Where thou, most generous Oberon,
May'st sport and skip at pleasure's will

Then fare thee well—still light and free
As summer winds that fan the lake,
On, onward to eternity,
May grief nor care thee overtake !

The author is Adam Kidd, who, in 1830, had printed at the office of the *Herald and New Gazette*, Montreal, a volume of 216 pages, dedicating it to Thomas Moore. His book is very rare, the only copies known, it is said, being one in the library of the late Chief Justice Wallbridge, and this one.

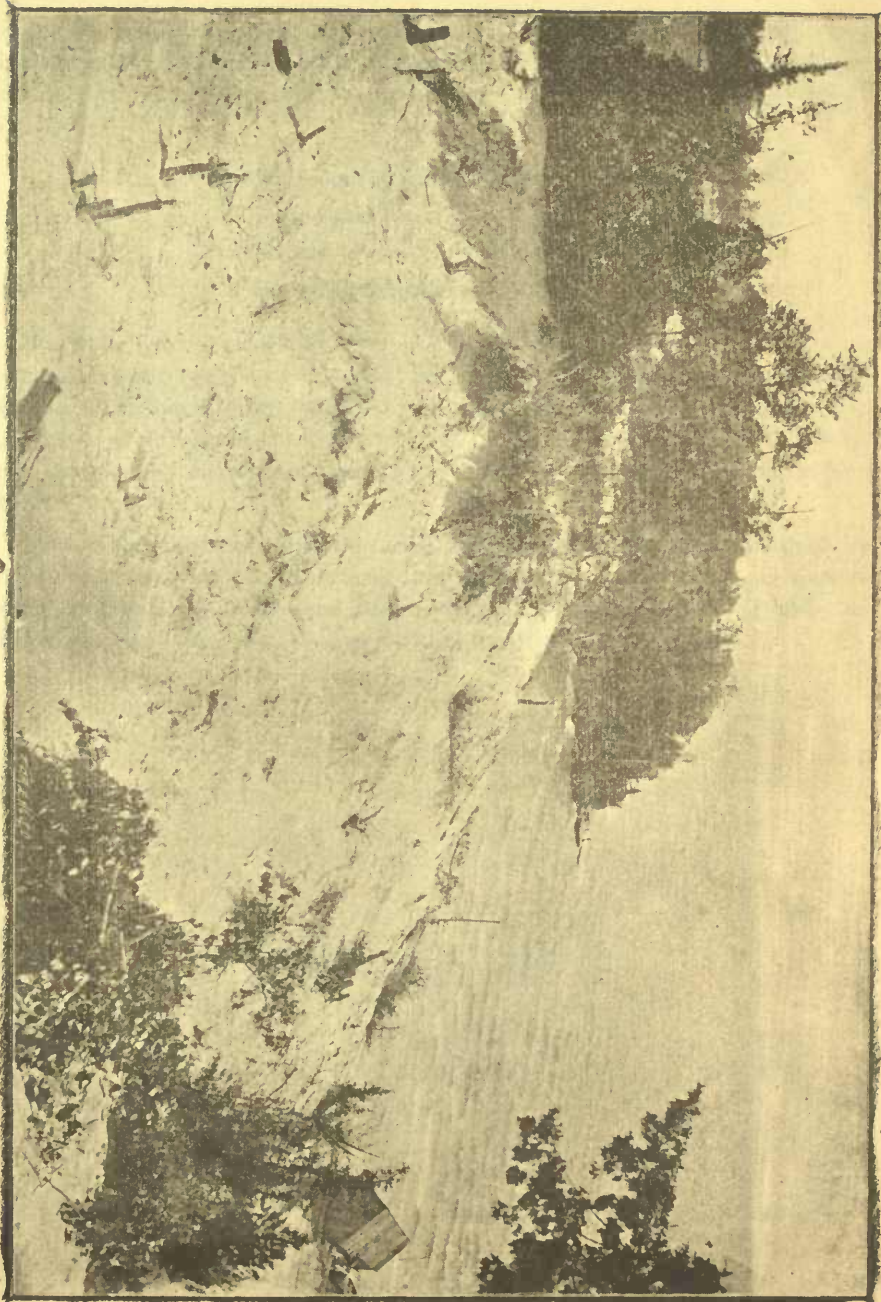
Yonder is a small lagoon. This morning I picked up a piece of old pottery where a white hill had drifted away near its edge leaving the brown earth almost bare. It is red-grey in color, and sprinkled with light bits of quartz and shiny specks of mica, fashioned here, it may be a hundred years ago, it may be thousands, by the Indians, or by people who lived here before them, the Aztecs, or Toltecs, perhaps, driven south one day by tribes supposed to have come across the straits from Asia. And some go even so far as to believe our Indians the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel.

However, no one has told us surely who fashioned this pottery years ago here

FROM A NEGATIVE.

SAND BANKS, Looking out on Lake Ontario.

BY W. F. JOHNSON.



by the great Lake, and, perhaps, it will remain a mystery till the last day when, in keeping with a northern myth, Surtur shall come from Muspelheim, the flame-world, and destroy Gods and earth with his fire. You remember those verses in Voluspa :

“Surtur, from the south, wends
With seething fire ;
The falcion of the Mighty One
A sun-light flameth.”

But while I write, a dark figure comes across the white dunes, an Indian princess, beautiful as the summer day, her eyes black like black velvet. At each step her small, bare, brown foot sinks in the hot sand, but a smile is on her lips, and her song is sweet like the voice of June. Years ago Iduna passed this way, and, charmed by the princess' beauty, gave her eternal access to her golden stores.

Onward she comes, the hills are cleared, and she passes away into the shadows of the woods, and I can hear her song no more. After all, she is only a creature of the imagination, and the sand hills are without a foot-print—but the birds are still singing, and the great, blue lake within touch of my hand is *real*.

H. M. M.



Grayer Rocks and Grayer Sea.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

GRAY rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
Endure the darkening year—
And in my heart endure
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the kiss
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart the face
That I shall see no more.



October Among the Sand Hills.

“**W**HOA, there!” The horses glad of a rest, stop short, and in a moment we are all out on the platform in front of the Lake Shore House, a sudden exclamation is heard and one of the children plucks from a large bush a hundred-petalled, June rose, verily a rival of the “Last rose of summer.”

Not a soul is to be found about the building, the blinds are closed and all is quiet. Here a great, grey-spotted moth flies off into the leaf-shadows—there, a white cat, still loth to move city-ward, lies a-dream in a dusky corner, near a heap of water-melon rinds. So, away to the sand!

It is a charming day, the 20th October, and delightful here among these wildly beautiful hills reaching away in almost melancholy grandeur, dune on dune, along the great Ontario. They are quite deserted now—and how impressive is that sense of utter loneliness pervading spots like this where but a short time ago were children at play and many pleasure-lovers idling away long, sunny hours of life.

Even the voice of the lake is mournful, and well it may be, for in an angry mood the other day it grasped from the happy winds many gorgeous butterflies flinging them in upon the dank sands, dead or to die. Among the hills too, is desolation. In some places over these white wastes, in hollows and on gentle slopes, stand the remnants of many dead trees, about the size of common head-stones, and bleached like marble by the rain and the sunshine—here the winds blow low, and stray, white butterflies flit hither and thither through these silent, arid places, like pale tomb searchers.

Between the hills and the shore, on the flats, and near the lagoon, are creeping plants blossoming yellow on the sands, bright, beautiful blossoms like topazes set in silver, many of the vines being drifted over, the flowers alone left visible.

In other places among the hills some distance from the shore, are strange collections of shells, large, white snail-shells, and smaller ones spotted brown. One wonders these are not well scattered. On the contrary they lie close together, numbers of them on each of several lone, small patches of sand. And now for

A SWIM!

Nowhere can a more delightful spot be found. The water is warm even at this late time, and one can walk out long distances, the pure sand still underfoot. Deeper grow the limpid waters, and gradually deeper—the wind is fresh, blowing over the blue lake from the south, and many deep rolling waves break by us, effervescing about us, in a million cool bubbles. Wave follows wave, rolling shoreward, and for some little time we tread the sands of the windy sea, ever rising and falling with its wild heart-throbbings.

H. M. M.



The Reed Player.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

BY a dim shore where water darkening
Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult hearkening
For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
Over the Ebon pool,
Brooded the bittern's cry, as one that grieves
Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fire-flies shine below the wood
Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude
The plants rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill :
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre,
Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern
Its enigmatic fall,
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
And argent interval.

PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD.

I could not know the message that he bore,
The springs of life from me
Hidden ; his incommunicable lore
As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.



From Picton to Alexandria Bay.

AUGUST 1891.

It is a fine summer Saturday. The sound of a whistle is heard, and the palace steamer Hero with her genial officers and more than a hundred and fifty excursionists steams out of Picton harbor at 6:30 a. m., bound for the Thousand Islands and Alexandria Bay, her way lying between beautiful shores: the High Shore on the left with numerous alluring inlets and luxuriantly wooded points reaching away toward Deseronto, while on the opposite shore, the one we follow, are sloping meadows, and fine fields all white, and gold, and bright green, for the buckwheat is in blossom, oats are yellowing in the hot August suns, and other grains are thriving.

Nearly five miles of sunny fields, groves and meadow-land with woody hills along the sky line, and we are at Glenora.

And here a great hill rises from the water's edge, almost perpendicular, and about 200 feet high, and up on its summit in the golden sunshine within a few yards of the precipice, lie the beautiful waters of the marvellous

LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

No one knows just how deep these sparkling waters are. There is weird fascination in their black shadows.

In one place along the shore is an inlet, shallow and full of old tree roots; in another, a fine reach of white bottom; then there are reedy places, and, elsewhere, the waters are black at the shore, and, leaning from a skiff and peering into the depths, one can see dark forms of tree-boles and mossy limbs jutting out some little way down the watery wall. Here fish are caught as fast as the baited hook is sunk: perch, black bass, and sun-fish; and pike may be had for the trolling.

This far-famed Lake is about three miles in circumference, and three quarters of a mile from shore to shore in the widest part. The water is exceptionally pure. The Lake being nearly always full it is thought by some to be supplied by hidden springs. Others suppose it to be on a level with Lake Erie, and that there may be some communication between them; but this an error, as Erie is, according to

the maps, about one hundred and thirty feet higher than the Lake on the Mountain. So the true source of supply still remains a mystery.

Distant a few paces from its shore, near an ancient grey ruin, the tourist has one of the fairest views on the continent : Near him, this lovely Lake with its thousand blue ripples flashing like sapphires in the sun. Then, far down below—there, beyond the verge of the green hill, vast picturesque reaches of grain fields and meadow lands, islands and bays, and forests and wave swept shores lying away to the north and the east in magnificent, ever varied beauty.

And it was over these sunny wastes of water in a path all shiny and gold, many gay-plumed Indians used to paddle up from the east in fine fashioned bark canoes, and from these pleasant shores on quiet summer evenings not so many years ago, the soft voices of young Indian girls singing, echoed over the peaceful waters, for their songs were beautiful then, and their hearts without a care. And even now as the bell sounds for us to leave the wharf, a small boat moves away from the steamer's side, bearing in it an old Indian. A creature of the imagination, say you? Truly no! But a real, live Red Man who a moment ago tethered his craft to the rudder of our boat thinking to have a fine tow, but was ordered off for safety's sake. One might imagine him though come out of the shades to visit the graves of his fathers. At any rate there he sits pensive in his skiff, pulling the wool on his dog's head—a dark, shaggy creature—while a small boy rows him off toward the far shore.

Glenora, and Glen Island half-a-mile away and Hay Bay several miles distant in Lennox County and famed for its fine fish, are delightful resorts, and many pleasure seekers from far and near sojourn here during the summer.

On down below Glen Island along Adolphustown the land is low and level, unlike these picturesquely rugged shores of Prince Edward, with their pretty lanes leading up hill to the sky, yet possessing a charm all its own in its many colored fields and fine groves lying close to the broad, blue bay. And there some place along the waters' edge is found the old tree to which was tethered the first landing little craft of the United Empire Loyalists on their arrival so long ago in that then lonely wilderness ; and there on those fertile shores the noble founders of our grand Canadian Dominion struggled bravely on through long, weary years, eventually becoming prosperous and happy.

On the right, again, in a little while the Upper Gap appears with Point Pleasant (Indian) and Point Traverse (Long) above, and the rocky shore of Amherst Island below. And now we have a view of the great Ontario reaching shoreless away in its blue magnificence to the sunny south where Timber Island, off Point Traverse, and at times, the False Ducks and the Main Ducks are visible far out in the misty light of the lake. And soon a vast, wondrous scene of beauty

is presented us as we steam onward over broad, shiny reaches of restless water, by lone isles and myriad emerald points, and shores now high, now low, on by the lower gap beyond Amherst Island where "white horses" come foaming in from over the lake in rough weather; and on down by Kingston into the broad St. Lawrence with its Thousand sunny Islands lying like soft, green gems on its gleaming bosom, where the waters flow gently and winds whistle merrily by sweet with the breath of summer; a spot fair as a Persian wilderness; a meeting place of gods!

More excursionists have joined us at

KINGSTON,

lovely city of the lake, attractive with fine buildings: Queen's University, the Royal Military College of Canada, St. George's dome, the new cathedral tower, and others, with the martello towers in the foreground; a city remarkably beautiful at night-time when viewed from a passing steamer, appearing like a vast splendid palace, its turrets and domes rising one above another casting out a thousand gleaming lights like long, fiery lances on the dark lake. And now we are beyond the lake and soon an excursion boat approaches us and passes by, a band playing those exquisite old 'Silver Rhine' waltzes, the music dying gradually away as we sail on and on down the blue river. And here around us are many beautiful, summer residences on many beautiful islands with green lawns bordered at the river-side with grey stones, and blossomed bright in places with white, and gold, and scarlet flowers. And many boats go by us; skiffs and feet-winged sailers, and steam yachts, among the latter a unique, light colored one, the little Lotus Eater, famous as a swift runner. And as she steams quickly by, imagination scatters lotus blossoms in her wake, and the yellow lily-dust above them in the air, while out of lone places voices call:

"O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

But soon the boat turns and we are homeward bound. The day has come and gone like a delightful dream, and an excursion like this from Picton over bay, and lake, and river, through the Thousand Islands to Alexandria Bay and return is one imparting rare pleasure.

H. M. M.



The Lake on the Mountain.

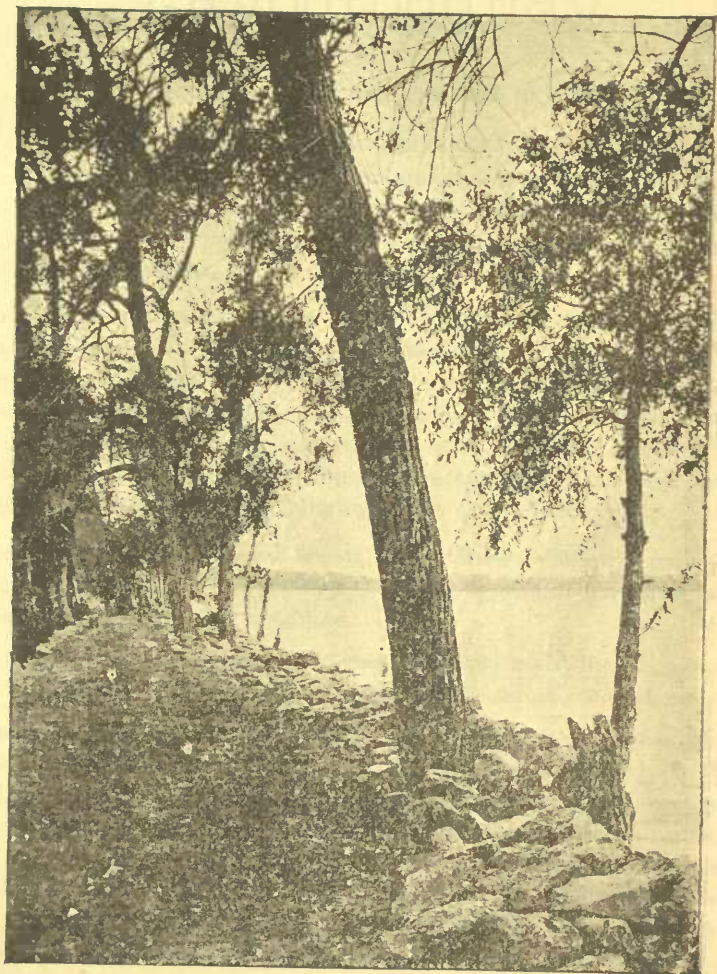
A gleam of willows in a golden sheen ;
A waft of balm from branches bending low
O'er shadowed way where silken grasses grow,
Tangles of thin leaves twining frail and green.

White cloud-flakes in the silent heaven seen
Like soft doves trailing where no rude winds blow ;
Leaf-shadows, wrath-like, trembling to and fro
On wave, and sward, and the gray shore between.

A reach of ripples yellow in the sun,
Alike all destined on the sands to break ;
Blue depths that in the soul strange fancies wake,
Reflections darkling ere the day be done—
Sweet twilight phantoms stealing one by one,
Dream spirits drifting low along the Lake.

H. M. M.





FROM NEGATIVE.

BY CLARENCE H. FRANSCOMBE.

Desbarats & Co., Engravers, Montreal.

LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Tayouroughay.

LEGEND OF THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

TAYOUROUGHAY maiden more beautiful than all the Mohawks. Jetty were her flowing locks and glossy like the plumage of the merle. Black and bright were her soft eyes, and her cheeks, velvet and red like the cheeks of the rose. Round, brown arms had she, and dimpled hands, with wrists exquisite, run round with snowy shells.

Now, when the forest reaches were bright with lilies, and the mountain-lake grown blue again; when the wild-plum blossomed white by the water, and a golden light was on the willows; early in the morning, at the rising of the fiery, yellow sun, Tayouroughay, fair child of an Indian Chief, stood beneath the shadow of a pine. The fragrant wind came rustling with a silvery sound through the thin, silky leaves of the forest, pausing with a faint sigh in the dark branches of the pines, and stirring the long, shining tresses of the Indian girl.

Here where she stood the hill began, and a narrow, shadowy path led down through the wood by vines and flowers for many a span, to the shore of a bay—the beautiful sun-loved Bay of Quinte.

With one small hand shading her eyes, she gazed with a keen gaze eastward, out where the water gleamed, scarce ruffled by the coming in of the morning.

Presently, from the shadow of a green point, a light canoe came rippling out, on the yellow reach. Then another and another followed; and on they came until Tayouroughay had counted nigh to three score. Fervently she praised Manitto, clasped again her bow and arrow, and turned into the wood. And glad was she, for in all the swift canoes she had looked for a tuft of snowy plumes, and had not seen it. Now, this spray of white plumes made bright the bow of the Black-Snake, Annosothka's canoe; and Annosothka was mad with love of Tayouroughay who loved another.

Alas! the one she loved was lying silent somewhere beneath the wind-swept grasses, and for Annosothka she had no care, nor was she happy when he was near.

Meanwhile it happened, when the sun was high in the heaven, there came slowly along the opposite shore a solitary young Indian, weary and half-famished. Hunted and driven by brigands from the sunny islands of the blue Ladauanna, thus far had he paddled with scarce a morsel of food.

He was Gowanda, handsome and lithe, and swift with bended bow to hunt the wild deer through the forest. And now, safe at last from his pursuers, more slowly came he with a measured dip of his white-bladed paddle.

Then soon his brave craft touched the pebbly shore of an island, and Gowanda rested at last where soft shadows and golden flecks of light played hide-and-seek among the grasses, tall and waving and green.

Slowly the day waned. And at the time of the rising of the moon, the full, silvery moon of a perfect night, when the plaintive voice of the whip-poor-will echoed through the forest, and fire-flies glittered like diamonds through all the shadowy wood, near by the shore of the shining mountain-lake a huge pine-log more than thirty spans long, and fretted with fern and flower, was rolled out on the green. And soon the dance was begun around this once stately tree of the wildwood, and one by one the Indians who had come with the rising sun took places with the maidens treading the enchanted circle.

Little by little the bright moon ascended, shining silver ; the gray moth flew by, and the night-bird trilled its voice sweet and solemn on the still air. More festive waxed the night at each succeeding round, and the careless children of the forest grew not weary of the dance.

But later, when they were most lightsome, suddenly from out the dark hollow of the pine-log glided a slimy snake.

Tayouroughay was near. Hissing, it darted toward her, but with a scream she sped away, and all the dancers fell aside. Then it happened that there came a stranger among them from the shadows of the wood with a rush and a blow, and the ugly reptile lay dead on the green.

"Gowanda!" fell from the lips of more than a dozen young braves.

"Gowanda!" Through the wood it echoed ; and in groups the Indians gathered round him in the ruddy glow of the camp-fire, and Tayouroughay, glad and comely, once again beheld her lover.

It was a long tale he had to tell. For many a moon she had thought him dead and now it was sweeter far to see him than the coming of the flowers.

To the dance again they turned ; but the trail of the serpent was on the grass ; the circle slowly thinned, and one by one the dancers gathered in fantastic groups apart a little way from the fire.

Tayouroughay, leaning against the bole of an elm, her sable locks half concealing the sweet smiles that dimpled her cheeks, listened to Gowanda. And by and by he turned away and passed with a light step through the shadows of the forest. And soon only her father's people remained by the Lake, and then, noiselessly, she paddled out to cull some water-flowers blossoming a few spans from the shore.

But scarcely had she glided a stone's throw by the bushes, when her eye caught the gleam of a strange canoe lying with one bow resting among the ferns on the bank.

Then there came a sudden stir in the cedars, a shadow in the moonlight, and Annosothka greeted her from a grassy knoll.

"Tayouroughay, one, two, three times I have told you I love you. I am come for you."

Another shadow in the moonlight, and her father stood beside Annosothka.

"Tayouroughay, I give you to him. Come in."

Startled was Tayouroughay, like a bird in the juniper bush when the hunter passes.

To the southern bourn of the Lake she would fly. The gleam of Gowanda's fire was shining there even now, and she had promised to wed with him on the morrow, and he would protect her from Annosothka.

Swift over the rippling mere she shot on, her white-bladed paddle flashing the moonlight, her canoe quivering and wild.

Then it happened, ere she had quite gained the centre of the Lake, the plash of a second paddle fell on the night. A swift glance backward told her some one followed, and she caught a gleam of the waving plumes white in the bow of the Black-Snake.

On it came, rapidly making up to her, the water swirling away in its trail—nearer, nearer, till only a little space remained.

Then a frantic rush.

"Gowanda," she cried, and hardly had she touched the strand ere she leaped with a wild leap from the canoe to the outstretched arms of the eager Gowanda.

Then, sudden as the going down of the great northern diver, Annosothka turned and plunged into the shadowy Lake.

* * * * *

Many summers of sunshine and lilies have come and gone; the sky is golden, and the leaves of the willows blow white again in the wind; but the children of the forest have passed forever from the lovely hills and valleys of Prince Edward. And now only the wraith of the sad Annosothka haunts at midnight the calm, silent waters of the beautiful Lake on the Mountain.

The Sportsman's Month in Prince Edward.

REGINALD GOURLAY, (PICTON.)

BRIGHT clouds are heaped in glittering sheaves
Adown the west : while rivalling leaves,
Autumn's gay frost-paint, o'er the forests old,
On many a maple crest their glowing tints unfold.
For in their brightest robes the trees appear,
To greet the joyful month to sportsmen dear.

With whirring wing, from the thick cover's height
The startled partridge speels his arrowy flight.
A moment's glance, as in the air he springs,
A moment's glimpse of those swift moving wings,
Enough for sportsman's aim. The rocks resound,
And the quick flash lights the dark woodlands round,
The good retriever forward blithesome springs,
And back the feathered spoil in triumph brings.

In those thick tangled places,
Which the wild vine enlaces,
The pointer seeks the track,
Where woodcock, forth and back,
Have marked through devious ways their various traces.

Swift from the cover stirred
Twists the wild dodging bird,
The gun-stock presses quick the hunter's face,
Twigs fly, and floating by,
The tell-tale streams of dark red feathers race.

He's down—Thère—steady—good dog—On !
He's bagged—Mark !—There another's gone !
Wild as a hawk—and twisting like a swallow,
After him through the brake,
Their way the Sportsmen take
With laugh and jest, and cheery shout and holla.

By East and fair West Lake,
Will many a hunter wake,
And ere the dawn be by the inlet's side,
To watch the mists slow creep,
And flocks of wild-duck sweep,
Towards his decoys over the waters wide.

So passes the bright day
O'er forest, lake, and bay,
When Autumn doth her banner brig'at unroll
On old Prince Edward's strand.
Of all Ontario's land,
Dearest to artist's, and to sportsman's soul.



The Sand Banks.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Toronto Globe gives the following highly descriptive although not a whit too flattering, account of this wonderful romantic summer resort :

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

More interesting still, and ever grand, are the famous Sand Banks near Wellington Bay, on Lake Ontario. They are reached by a beautiful drive of ten miles from Picton. Apart from the Sand Banks the locality is such as should make it one of the favorite Summer Resorts on Lake Ontario. The lake shore near the Sand Banks is indented with a succession of rock-paved bays, whose gradually shoaling margins afford rare bathing grounds. East and West Lakes, each five miles long, and the latter dotted with islands, are separated from Lake Ontario by narrow strips of beach. Over the two-mile-wide isthmus separating the little lakes, the Sand Banks, whose glistening heights are visible miles away, are approached. On near approach they are hidden by the cedar woods, till the roadway in front is barred by the advancing bank, to avoid which a roadway through the woods has been constructed up to the eastern end of the sand range.

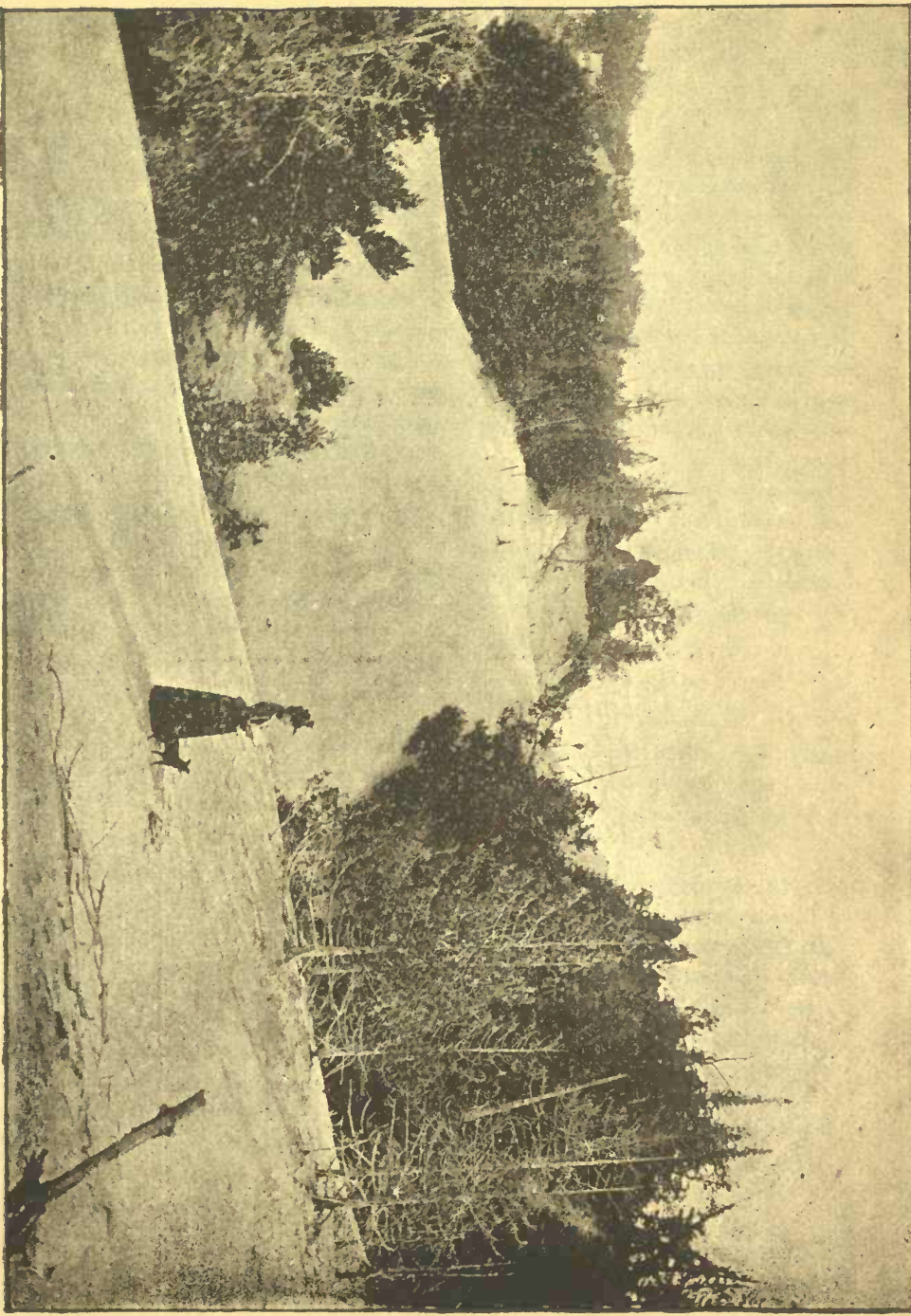
APPEARANCE AND DIMENSIONS OF THE BANKS.

The Sandbanks stretch like a crescent along the shore, the concave side turned to the lake, along which it leaves a pebbly beach. The length of the crescent is over two miles, the width six hundred to three or four thousand feet. If the distant view of the steep, white front of the bank, advancing and overwhelming the cedar woods and the grain field, is grand, the view from the top of the range is doubly so ; it rivals Niagara. Clambering up the steep end of the range among trees and grape vines the wooded summit is gained at an elevation of nearly 150 feet. Passing along the top, the woods soon disappear, and we emerge on a wild waste of delicately-tinted saffron, rising from the slate-colored beach in gentle undulation, and sleepily falling on the other side down to green pastures and into the cedar woods. The whole surface of this grandly undulating mountain desert is ribbed by little wavelets a few inches apart, but the general aspect is one of perfect smoothness. The sand is almost as fine as flour, and contains no admixture of dust. The foot sinks only an inch or two in walking over it. Children roll about on it and down its slopes, and rising shake themselves till their clothing loses every trace of sand. Occasionally gusts stream over the wild

FROM A NEGATIVE. BY W. M. JOHNSON.

THE SAND BANKS.

Dunbar & Co. Engravers, Montreal.



waste, raising a dense drift to a height of a foot or two only, and streaming like a fringe over the steep northern edge. Though the sun is blazing down on the glistening wilderness there is little sensation of heat; for the cool lake breeze is ever blowing. On the landward side the insidious approach of the devouring sand is well marked. One hundred and fifty feet below, the foot of this moving mountain is sharply defined against the vivid green of the pastures, on which the grass grows luxuriantly to within an inch of the sand wall. The ferns of the cedar woods almost droop against the sandy slope. The roots of the trees are bare along the white edge; a foot or two nearer the sand buries the feet of the cedars; a few yards nearer still the bare trunks disappear; still nearer only the withered topmost twigs of the submerged forest are seen, and then far over the tree tops stands the sand range. Perpetual ice is found under the foot of this steep slope, the sand covering and consolidating the snow drifted over the hill during the winter months. There is something awe-inspiring in the slow, quiet, but relentless advance of the mountain front. Field and forest alike become completely submerged. Ten years ago a farm house was swallowed up, not to emerge into the light until the huge sand wave has passed over.

A WIDE AND VARIED PROSPECT.

On the lake side the crescent shaped slope bears a few hardy trees, rising far apart from little oases of vines that subsist on the barrenness; but that is all that breaks the white smooth waste for over two miles. Sahara could not well be more desolate.

The contrasts heighten the effect of this wonderful phenomenon. To the south is the boundless expanse of Lake Ontario. Along the shore, curving beaches and bold headlands reach far away for twenty miles or more, till little islets and the distant fields and forests are lost in the warm blue haze of the horizon. On the northern side the calmness of West and East Lakes contrasts with the heaving waters to the south, and around them and beyond stretch for thirty miles green or golden fields and verdant woods; a landscape heightened in its luxuriance and gentle beauty by the desolation at your feet. Beyond the green and gold rise the hills at Picton, and still further off the faintly outlined heights of Northumberland and Hastings, over thirty miles away.

A FAVORITE RESORT.

The Sandbanks is a favorite resort of the people of Picton and Belleville.—Two and three thousand people not unfrequently visit the locality in a single day, and were steamers to call on their way from Toronto down the lake the number would be considerably augmented.

These sand hills are said to be the most wonderful in the world. There are

similar hills on the Lake Michigan shore, and in Denmark, but they are neither so high nor so massive. In the Island of Java a bank of equal proportions stands on the sea shore, but the sand is less pure, and the warm colored saffron white is absent. For grandeur and beauty combined no Sand Banks in the world, so it is said, can rival the Banks of Prince Edward.



A Barrel of Gold.

BY C. H. WIDDIFIELD, (PICTON.)

THE "Outlet" is a short, but comparatively deep and broad stream, emptying the waters of East Lake into Little Sandy bay, an indention of Lake Ontario. The river (for in local parlance it is a "river") runs its sluggish course between great white banks of sand, whose grotesque shapes are as unique as the results of any snowstorm; and when the moonlight floods these sands, making strange lights and shadows, and the gray, dead cedars stretch forth their bare limbs, the banks present a weird but fascinating appearance. But the locality is not a faded beauty and does not depend on the moonlight for its fascinations. Many an afternoon when the bass could not be tempted to rise, have I drifted down the stream between banks of blue flags and snow white water-lilies, watching the ever varying picture of light and shade, listening to

"That undefined and mingled hum" of nature, so soothing on a summer's day, and over all the ceaseless rush of the waters as the waves break on the beach of Little Sandy. But if the bass do not always rise, and you do not care to smoke and dream away a summer's day, there is no lack of rock fish and perch, and now and then a gamy, golden pickerel to make the reel hum with delightful music.

About half way between the bridge and the bay, and not far from the western bank of the river may be seen the remains of a cofferdam built there a few years ago. At the bottom of that structure there is, or should be, a barrel of gold. I have talked with the men who built this cofferdam and who worked many days to obtain the gold that has been buried there more than a century, and they assure me it is there, and if they only had the proper machinery they could extract it. As an evidence of good faith they offered me a share in the treasure for a small consideration, that is, small for the profits I would surely realize out of it if I invested.

However, they did not succeed in bringing the barrel to the surface, and it still remains there to keep alive the legend that accounts for its deposit in that place before the surrender of Quebec and the cession of Canada to Great Britain.

In the summer of 1758 Col. Bradstreet sailed from the mouth of the Oswego river to attack Fort Frontenac, (Kingston,) then held by De Levis for France. As the British ships neared the Upper Gap a French gun-boat was seen beating up against the wind making for the Gap. Two of Bradstreet's ships were sent for-

ward to intercept the gun-boat. The French vessel being unable to reach Fort Frontenac changed her course to the west, with Bradstreet's vessels in full chase.

The race was an exciting one for about thirty miles, but the English vessels were gradually closing up the distance between them, and as the gun-boat was no match for the enemy, her captain decided to save his crew and a barrel of gold he had on board. Accordingly he rounded Salmon Point, sailed up the Outlet, sunk the barrel of gold at a marked spot, burned his ship to the water's edge and returned overland only to find Fort Frontenac taken and destroyed.

Such is the legend that has maintained itself most sturdily in the locality for a century. Perhaps it would have passed into oblivion before this if it had not been for an incident that happened about half a century ago.

One bright summer day some fishermen winding up their nets at Salmon Point saw a strange vessel cautiously feeling her way along that dangerous shore. Creeping along, with the sounding line going, she anchored in the mouth of the Outlet and dropped her sails. It was an unusual thing for a vessel to come in there, and as there was considerable filibustering along the frontier at that time, the fishermen drew near to ascertain what particulars they could about the suspicious stranger. Her crew consisted of only six or seven men, two of whom soon came ashore. One was an ordinary sailor, the other, who interests us more, was about 30 years old, a handsome dark complexioned gentleman, whose military bearing, neat clothes and polished shoes, somewhat overawed the rough fishermen. He left most of the conversation to his companion, and when he did speak it was with a decided French accent. After enquiring about Captain C—— and learning where they would find him, they returned to their ship, and the fishermen to their homes, vainly surmising who the strangers might be.

That evening M. De Pontleroy called on Captain C——. The two gentlemen were soon together in the best parlor, looking over old maps, sketches and yellow documents. Needless to say the stranger's mission was about the barrel of gold. He was a descendant of the commander of the gun-boat who had sunk the money there some 80 years before, and the documents he produced disclosed the exact spot where the treasure lay. Captain C—— promised him all the assistance he could afford, and offered him the hospitality of his house while he remained in the neighborhood, which might be for some time. This M. De Pontleroy declined with many thanks, as he had, he said, excellent accommodation on his boat and preferred to remain with his men.

While these two are in the parlor another couple are in the dining-room who claim our attention for a moment. One is George Randall, a tall, fine looking man, son of an adjoining farmer; the other is the Captain's daughter, Nellie, as sweet a specimen of young womanhood as any man could aspire to. After an hour's conversation in the parlor M. De Pontleroy re-entered the dining-room.

was introduced to the lovers, made a stately bow and departed, promising to see the Captain on the morrow.

In a few days the Frenchman and his men had located the spot where the gold was hidden, but he found on examination he had not brought with him all the necessary machinery, and while the boat was absent he was the guest of Captain C—. It was not Nellie's fault that she fell in love with the affable and polished stranger. His knowledge was so wide, his accomplishments so varied, and his presence so charming that he came like a revelation to her somewhat contracted world. But she would not admit M. De Pontleroy as a lover as long as she was betrothed to George. But George was too busy just now to notice the intimacy growing up between Nellie and her guest. If George had one fault more prominent than another it was his passion for gain, the mean ambition of getting rich for the mere sake of being rich ; and the thought of that immense treasure at the bottom of the river, so near him all these years, and now this stranger was to carry it away, worried him.

One night about dark as M. De Pontleroy was returning to his boat he overtook George on the Sand Banks, and the two walked on together. The stranger had just left Nellie, George had just left the buried treasure, and both were engrossed with their own thoughts. George was wondering if he could propose some kind of a partnership in the barrel of gold, and ventured timidly towards the subject. At the same moment M. De Pontleroy was thinking how he could best sound George's feelings towards Nellie, so he shifted the conversation by telling George he had a much greater treasure in his sweet-heart than lay buried in the river. It would be too long a story to follow up the conversation, but before they parted that night they had entered into a solemn compact by which M. De Pontleroy was to release to George all his right to the gold, and George was to release Nellie from her engagement. The contract was carried out and in about ten days the strange vessel that had attracted so much attention weighed anchor, spread her sails and departed with M. and Madame De Pontleroy.

George spent much time and money trying to recover the buried treasure, but all his efforts were unsuccessful, and his friends and neighbors did not regret the result when they learned he had traded off his sweet-heart for a barrel of gold.

The Camper.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON (IN "OUTING").

NIGHT 'neath the northern skies, lone, black and grim,
Nought but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven and him.

Of man no need has he, of God, no prayer ;
He and his Deity are brothers there.

Above his bivouac the firs fling down
Thro' branches gaunt and black, their needles brown.

Afar, some mountain streams, rock-bound and fleet,
Sing themselves thro' his dreams in cadence sweet.


The pine tree's whispering, the heron's cry,
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And blinking overhead the white stars keep
Watch o'er his hemlock bed—his sinless sleep.



Eidolon.

BY ANNIE MERRILL (PICTON).

 BEAUTIFUL Night, beautiful Jewelled Night ! I fling back my curtains that you may enter.

In steps the maiden, and peaceful in the mild sweet light of her charms my eyes close, my head droops upon my hands : and so content am I in her tranquil presence that I move not, lest in moving I break the woven charm, but a gentle hand laid lightly on my head sways my mind and I am enticed by this summer spirit out upon a balcony—my balcony, overlooking dark, silent Quinte, a bay the gods ever smile upon.

Just now it is very beautiful, and dark, save where it catches a gleam from the silver crescent above the brow of Night, or returns the sparkles, flashed from the gems in her dark hair.

Quinte looks up drowsily, not dancing and animated as sometimes, but this is a change and one feels calm while looking upon it.

There are night shades in the hollows and the lights in Villeneuve Place across the darkness but make the shadows deeper.

In the south slopes the beautiful mountain Macaulay where a stream has made a dark cut from brow to foot. A mist hangs over the little falling river and as I search beyond hoping to see a sparkle through the veil, in the hush I hear a Whip-poor-will.

Only twice come the sweet notes, wafted over by a faint wind from the mountain pines, and the charm of the song drives away the thought of the stream.

Night, too, hears that sad little song, and sighs, so much sympathy shows she for sorrow.

The song from the woods has ceased and a sound comes up from the Bay. It is the quiet plash of the little fishes at their frolic-dance in the moonlight.

There are schooners lying in the harbor and the black masts stretching above into the blue make one feel that somewhere among the shadows there are great dark hulls.

Oh, is not life lovely ! Is not life beautiful ! Summer spirit, do not leave me.

Draw not your wand away. I am so lonely sometimes, but oh not now.

Then I draw closer and whisper to her : so faintly do I whisper that even a plaintive zephyr wandering about waiting with its own little story to reveal unto the ear of Night, cannot whisper it again.

Hear me, beautiful dark maiden, I cry. You have a magic power. You go where I cannot, you see what I cannot see : thoughts are clear to you and you read men's minds in dreams. Go to him, maiden, I beseech you, to him whose image I show you and find if he truly loves. Come again at this time to-morrow. I meet you here. Till then no rest.

And Night, touching with a wand-like finger my brow of thought, swings open the portal of my mind, and there sees—oh what a beautiful youth !

Only once before had the dusky maiden seen such another. He is the god of Day whom she has loved all her life long though he cares not for her, always leaving the sky at her coming. She ever looks sadly after him as they part, but in his cold breast is no pity.

Thus her life is weighted with deep sadness, often even melancholy. Sometimes she spends many hours of her stay with us, weeping quietly and at other times sobbing without control. At such times she hides away her jewels as the sight of brightness adds to her heart sorrow.

To-night she was very calm until she saw the image of the youth so like the one who had run the line of despair through her long life.

'Twas then I heard a sigh which she tried in vain to stifle.

On Night, why are you so sad ? I question. Were I as beautiful as you, had I such enduring gems for my hair and such a gleam upon my brow, and oh were I so beloved, I think I should never know a sigh.

Ah child, with all my beauty, all my jewels, all my friends, Day loves me not, she makes reply, and I am very unhappy, for to me life would be perfect only with love.

The people of Earth, saving the poet souls who are my companions, scorn love ; but you, child, whose soul is chained unto such a being as you have revealed unto me, will understand and believe that I say truly.

You have read my heart, was all I could reply, for sleep came unsought and when I awoke Night had vanished.

This time Day's stay seemed an age but when at last Night came again, good news came with her.

"I found him, she cried, seeming pleased while pleasing another, though I had to travel half the earth ere I saw a face like unto the one I searched for.

When I went to him he was standing upon a bank near a river. In one glance I saw that lithe form, fine head beautifully poised, and the crown of yellow curls ; and when he bade me welcome it was with a strong smile which won me. I tarried until he threw himself down and slept, lulled by the croon of the near stream.

It was then time to look into his mind.

What news then, beautiful maiden, I interrupt eagerly, can you say cheer, or—but I find no voice to finish.

With a lightsome toss of her head which makes the gems flash she answers in a pleasant voice : I am nearer happiness than I have been for long, because in bringing pleasure to you, peace is reflected.

Dear child, be happy, she said kindly, what I have read in the mind of the dreamer fully satisfies the wish in your own.



The Mother.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL (OTTAWA).

I.

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing ;
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.
Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white,
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.
For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white.
Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow.
The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew
The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the seasons seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.

From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling :
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead,

Men would have called me a thing of hara,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud ;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud ;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call ;

And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb ;
Hush, baby, hush ! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home ;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb ;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death,

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,
"Oh, baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there !
O come with me from the pain and care !

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song.

"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies !

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there,"

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest,

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars ;

Dead to its hates, its hopes and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And Heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me,

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne,

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.



May on the Mountain Top.

CHANGEFUL April has glided away from the forest with great shining tears in her tender blue eyes, and golden-browed May comes dancing wild over the greenening hills, chasing the sunbeams up and down the grey avenues, and softly unfolding, on myriad dull branches, great clusters of thin, shiny, silken leaves, dipped in sungold soft and yellow. The reign of the sweet *Hepatica* is nearly ended. Only a few flowers remain shining from shady nooks like little white stars, and now its fresh leaf is reaching out to the sun, for the blossoms come ere the new leaves unfold. Far and wide through all the green-wood, by stream and hillock, snow-white lily-cups of trilliums stir in the wind, violets are budding and in every sunny close the young grass is sprinkled white and pink with modest little Spring Beauties. Many wild flowers are in blossom. Half-way down the hill-side, a little way from a narrow path, a solitary, deciduous shrub thrives in shadow of old trees, *Daphne*, rare, beautiful *Daphne*. In April its small, sweet, pink blossoms, opened in clusters circling its dove-colored stems ere a green leaf unfolded. Alone it dwells on the hill-side with no other of its species for miles and miles around.

In a corner of a sunny field, near a picturesque lake on the outskirts of a fair Canadian city, a shrub like it is growing, also another in one of the Maritime Provinces; and these are believed by the field naturalists of that city to be the only two in Canada. But this fertile County of Prince Edward lying out in the blue Ontario, and possessing a varied growth of wild-plant life, has been overlooked and the *Daphne* is found here in several sequestered bowers. But let us turn again to the mountain-top. Song and sunshine are rampant. Here is a glassy pond mirroring a tangle of grey limbs and young leaves, while out of its grey-brown shadows come the vibrant voices of frogs, sounding their silver pipes from silver pools; and close by on the bole of an ancient elm two lively young wood-peckers are dancing a *rush*! See them with their heads together beating a mad rat-tat on the bark with their bright beaks! To and fro they go, half-way round the tree—giddy black and white birds. Here comes a mourning cloak! Solemn black butterfly, coaxed by a sunny breath from its winter repose in some hollow tree—slowly it passes by as if not yet quite wide awake, and, as it flies off through the woodland, I wonder if it has memory of the sunny springtime of the year gone by, a recollection of its beauty making this one the more sweet? Where Memory is, she rears a radiant tower of springtime on to springtime; trellis green with thin leaves, gaudy with beautiful star-eyed flowers, and faint



POND IN THE PARK.



FROM NEGATIVES.

BY E. B. MERRILL.

IN MOUNTAIN PARK.

with the breath of blossoms, she rests on its summit ~~the~~ while a warm wind rushes up, fragrant and full of bird-song and sound of ~~falling~~ waters, and glancing down through the golden sunshine, she murmurs : *Paradise*—and could Persian pleasure-garden be more fair ? Out through the shallow pond rush the dogs with great bounds, splashing the water into spray, like white pearls in the sun, and the piping of frogs suddenly ceases. Yet the air is all restless with the humming of gold-banded bees in the willows, and from the top-most bough of a hemlock comes the liquid voice of a thrush, exquisite as from a throat bursting with song. Turning at last from the pond, our path leads through a tangle of fragrant junipers near by a cluster of cedars, whence comes a sudden sound of wings, and a partridge, a plump fellow, whirrs off through the sunshine. Half an hour ago he was drumming down the hill-side—a rumbling sound as of far distant thunder. Thus at intervals through the long, mild days from sheltered places, come the hollow soundings of



The Little Forest Drummer.

Forest drummer up the mountain,
Drumming in the sun,
Mellow music by the fountain,
Where white rillels run.

In the silence of the thicket,
'Mid the violet-bloom,
Ere the singing of the cricket,
In the piny gloom.

With his dark wing, grey and glossy,
With his might he drums
On a lone log, old and mossy,
When the gold light comes.

H. M. M.



Heat.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN (OTTAWA).

FROM plains that reel to southward dim,
The road runs by me white and bare ;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clanking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

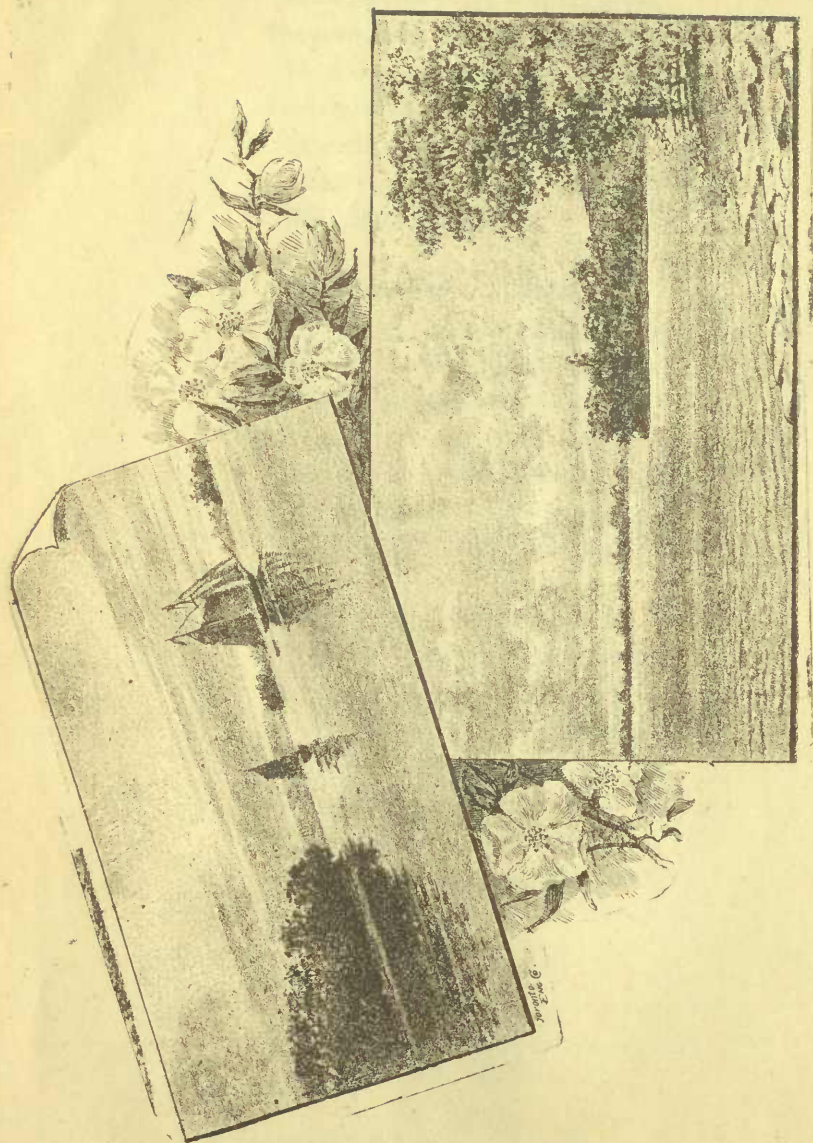
Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will ;
I count the marguerites one by one ;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the drougthy ground ;
The grass-hoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze :
The burning sky-line blinds my sight --
The woods far off are blue with haze :
The hills are drenched in light,

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet ;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat ;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
Hath brought me wandering idly here :
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear.





ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. B. MERRILL,

South Bay.

BY E. B. MERRILL,

An Incident of '37.

BY C. H. WIDDIFIELD (PICTON).

I HAD received a letter from an attorney in St. Paul, U. S., asking for certain information about the ancestry and family history of a person who had lived in this vicinity a number of years ago. In hunting up this information I was referred to an old gentleman, who, I was told, could probably inform me on one point that was involved in some obscurity. So early one morning I called on Mr. D—— and found him, although a man of 80, with a wonderful memory stored with local history. It was a warm, lazy summer morning, and as my octogenarian friend and myself lay stretched out on the lawn, with the blue waters of the Bay of Quinte making music at our feet as they washed against the shore and sides of my boat, I was not at all disinclined to listen to the old-time reminiscences my inquiries had started.

"I suppose you remember the rebellion of '37?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, well," replied Mr. D. "There were no active participants in Prince Edward and no arrests were afterward made here, but a good deal of feeling was worked up at the time."

"Then you obtained the blessings Mackenzie fought for without bloodshed," I remarked.

"Yes, we didn't have any fighting or hanging," said the old gentleman; and, after a short pause, "but we did have some blood spilt not far from here about that time."

"How was that?" I asked.

And this is the incident the old gentleman related:

Very early in the history of the Township of Marysburgh, in the nineties of the last century or the beginning of this one, Edward Haines settled on the Bay side. He belonged to a good family in the old country and had been an officer in the Queen's Rangers in the American war under Colonel (afterwards Governor) Simcoe. He died about '20, leaving one son, who was always known as squire Haines. The squire inherited and lived on the old homestead, where he had built one of those old roomy structures with wide chimneys and low ceilings that even yet are to be found in the county. He was a good specimen of the early pioneer; bluff, hearty, showing the blood of his English ancestry, a good neighbor and an

honest citizen. It was sometimes said he was too aristocratic for a new country but if there was such a feeling among the residents of the township it was only shared by a few whose worldly circumstances were not as advanced as the squire's, or who failed to enjoy the same confidence as their more fortunate neighbor.

But if there was any doubt as to the supremacy of the squire in the now fast-growing community, there was none whatever about the position his daughter enjoyed. And Mary Haines deserved both her father's devoted love and her popularity in the township and adjoining village. More than her beautiful face, her wealth of brown hair, her liquid blue eyes and graceful figure, her sunny disposition and frank, welcoming smile made her a general favorite.

Even at that early period Picton was the nucleus of the county, boasting its weekly paper (the only one between Kingston and Toronto) and a "female-academy," the pioneer of the many ladies' colleges now scattered over Ontario. Mary Haines had been in attendance at this academy for the year previous to the opening of our story—the summer of 1837. While there, and shortly before the summer holidays, she had met her fate in the person of Malcolm Gibson. I would like to be able to tell what they said and how they said it when he made the important announcement, but really I do not know. In fact what takes place on such occasions is seldom known, except to the two parties most interested; and where that indescribable affinity exists that draws two hearts into contact, what is said and done in that moment is always too sacred to be communicated to a third party. Of course the novelist always tells this part of the story most minutely, and when we are young we linger over this part of his veracious chronicle with intense interest; but when we grow older (I don't say wiser) we only read this part to enable us to test the writer's imagination.

Suffice it to say that when Mary left the academy at the end of the summer-term she and Malcolm Gibson were betrothed lovers, and Malcolm had promised her that he would call and break the news to her father as soon as possible. It never occurred to Malcolm that squire Haines would refuse his consent to a marriage with his daughter. And there was no reason why he should, for Malcolm was in every respect an eligible son-in-law. He was the son of Scotch parents who had settled in Kingston while he was a child. He studied medicine in Philadelphia, and had been practising his profession in Picton about a year at this time. Though only 23 years old, his athletic frame and close, brown beard made him appear older, and he had found no difficulty in winning the confidence of a large portion of the community, and retaining it by his skill and ability.

Malcolm had already called twice at the squire's, but on both occasions the father was absent on business. But one Saturday afternoon, toward the end of August, he received a note from Mary asking him to come down on Sunday. Its

the inevitable postscript she hinted that her father would surely be home that day.

When Malcolm arrived at "Bayview" the next afternoon the squire was taking his usual Sunday nap. But Malcolm had been very busy the past two weeks, and it was much more delightful to spend an hour or two with Mary under the shady maples on the shore than discuss matrimonial intentions with a prospective father-in-law. Perhaps Malcolm thought the squire would be in a better humor after supper. And in any event there was no particular hurry. There are always a number of good reasons suggesting themselves to a lover at such a time.

When the lovers returned to the house they found the squire pacing up and down the broad verandah with a newspaper in his hand. It was quite evident that something had disturbed his usual good temper; but when he saw Malcolm he came forward and shook his hand in his hearty manner.

"You appear to be excited over something, squire," remarked Malcolm, good humoredly.

"Excited! I haven't been so mad in ten years. I tell you, doctor," and he threw down the paper with an angry scowl, "there is going to be trouble before long."

"Why, father, you surely have not been reading a sermon? Father," said Mary, turning toward Malcolm with a smile, "always says he can listen to a sermon in the proper place because it is one's duty to go to church, but it makes him angry for any person to suggest reading a sermon at home."

Mary's good nature almost made her father forget his anger for the moment, but as he picked up the paper that had so disturbed his equanimity, he said with a vim, "It's pure sedition, nothing else."

"But, what is father? It's all a riddle to us."

Malcolm said nothing. He had noticed that the paper the squire picked up was the "Constitution," and he at once decided it would not be safe to show too openly his own political sympathies if he wished to avoid a scene.

"It's that d——d paper of Mackenzie's. Here's what he calls a "Declaration of the Reformers of Toronto," holds up the American revolution as an example to us, attacks the Established Church, advocates free trade; yes, sir, and he even proposes to thank Papineau for stirring up rebellion in Lower Canada. If that isn't treason, what is it?"

"But," said Malcolm, forgetting in his earnestness his intention of neutrality, "Papineau has always proceeded constitutionally. He has declared publicly that all he demands is a good government composed of friends of legality, liberty and

justice ; and such political institutions as are in accordance with the rest of the empire and the age we live in."

"I tell you, doctor, Papineau and Nelson will be hanged if there is any hanging for high treason, and Mackenzie and his gang are just as bad."

"But, father," said Mary, "You know Mr. Bidwell ; and I have heard you say that he is a loyal man even though a Reformer."

"Mary, you don't understand these things," roared the squire. "Bidwell is a whig ; Mackenzie and Rolph are radicals, and a radical is a rebel every time. All they want to do is to rob the banks and abscond to the States."

"But, squire," interposed Malcolm, "Mackenzie and Rolph and their followers have large interests at stake in the country, and if they robbed the banks they would only be robbing themselves. And sometimes even revolution may be a patriotic necessity."

"Look here, doctor," said the squire, turning squarely towards Malcolm and letting the paper drop from his hand in his earnestness, "if my little girl there, whom I love better than my life, should abet revolution I wouldn't hesitate a moment to commit her to gaol for treason. I'm a magistrate, and so help me God I would do my duty." Malcolm saw there was no use arguing the matter, that argument in the squire's present condition of mind was like shaking a red flag in the face of an enraged bull. And he had no doubt whatever that the squire meant every word he said. Even loyalty might be carried to an absurd length.

And the thought passed through Malcolm's mind, "Was that last remark intended for me ? Does he suspect my purpose to-day, and does he wish to sound my political opinions ?" Malcolm was too honest not to disclose his sympathies with the constitutional efforts of the Reformers to break from the bonds of the Family Compact, if he had been questioned. But would the squire in his present temper be able to distinguish between sympathies with constitutional efforts and treasonable designs ? So, when he got an opportunity, he told Mary he thought it best not to inform her father of their engagement while he was so excited by political matters.

"You know, darling," he added, "he and I might not exactly agree on these questions, and I want to avoid discussion on them."

"You know best, Malcolm ; as father says, I don't understand these matters ; that is, the politics, I mean," she said slyly. "But you don't anticipate any trouble, do you ?"

"I don't know, my girl ; Mackenzie is hot-headed and rash, and has been sorely tried, but I hope and think it will end without the arbitration of arms."

And so, after supper, they parted. "I will call again in a few days," said Malcolm, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

A few days afterward Malcolm started for "Bayview." He determined to avoid all matters of politics, come to the point at once, and have matters settled with the squire. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, and when Malcolm reached the brow of the hill above the Stone Mills he involuntarily brought his horse to a halt to view the magnificent scenery spread out before him. And in this fair Canada of ours there is no fairer scene to look upon—none possessing more historic or scientific interest. Within a few feet was the mysterious Lake-on-the-Mountain, whose waters are almost level with the surface of the hill. Nearly 200 feet below, down the almost perpendicular embankment, the blue waters of Bay of Quinte stretched away on either hand forming a dozen bays and inlets in the irregular shores of Adolphustown and Sophiasburgh. From where he stood Malcolm could see the spot where landed the U. E. Loyalists—the Plymouth Rock of Canada. A little further up the shore is the old U. E. L. burying ground, where sleep so many of those noble pioneers who braved everything for conscience sake. There stood the first court house erected, and where was held the first court of law in Upper Canada. From here, too, could be seen the early homes of many men who have made the history of Canada. Allan McLean, the first lawyer of Kingston; Hon. Christopher Hagerman, judge and Solicitor-General; Hon. Richard Cartwright, father of Sir R. J. Cartwright; Marshall S. Bidwell, a sterling reformer who battled for responsible government, and in more recent years the man whom the Dominion still mourns and who will fill so large a place in her history, Sir John A. Macdonald.

And these waters Malcolm now gazed upon had seen many a strange sight, and borne many a daring adventurer. It was here the soldier-like Samuel de Champlain passed when he first looked upon the waters of Lake Ontario; here had passed the indomitable Robert, Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and his companion in arms, the dauntless Henri de Tonti, in their unfortunate voyage to the Mississippi; the luckless La Barre and the dauntless Denonville. And on its banks had camped the gallant soldier who held so long the empire of France in the new world, Count de Frontenac.

While reminiscences like these were passing through Malcolm's mind he heard the clatter of a horse's feet, and in a few minutes Mary Haines came in sight. In spite of the smile that greeted him her lover knew (for lovers are not always blind, whatever the poets may say) that her mind was not at ease.

"You see I am carrying out my promise to wait upon your father," said Malcolm, after the first greetings were over.

"I am glad you came, dear, although father is not at home." And then, seeing the interrogation in Malcolm's eyes, she continued, "Colonel Fletcher

came to the house early yesterday morning and father went with him to Kingston, and promised to return to-morrow night."

"How did they go?" asked Malcolm.

"They took the stage coach at the Stone Mills. I drove them down myself."

"Mary," said Malcolm, with more of tenderness in his voice than she had ever heard before, "I don't know why, but I have a foreboding that something is going to come between us to mar our lives."

"Oh, don't say that, Malcolm. I have had enough to make me dismal since father went away, and I don't want you to be gloomy as well."

"Why, what has been bothering my little girl?" asked Malcolm, quickly forgetting his own thoughts.

They had turned their horses towards Bayview and were walking them side by side.

"I think Col. Fletcher and father have gone to Kingston on some political mission; at least Col. Fletcher brought news from headquarters at Toronto and I saw them reading the letters together."

"But what is there disquieting in that, Mary?"

"Nothing particular in that alone, but I could not help overhearing part of their conversation: and they were talking about the conversation we had Sunday, and father referred to something you said about revolution sometimes being necessary, or something like that. Colonel Fletcher appeared very excited and said he knew you, and he believed you would be a rebel if you were not too big a coward."

"Me, my darling, what does he know about me? I know the man only by reputation. Nobody even knows what my political opinions are, because I have purposely avoided discussing politics; and I don't know that I have ever had an opportunity of proving myself a coward."

"Malcolm, you don't think I believe a word of it, and I don't think father does, but you cannot tell what enemies you may have or what they may be doing. And I know, dear, you wouldn't be a coward if it came to the test. I think that was the meanest thing!" and the tears came into Mary's eyes.

They discussed the situation on the way home, and came to the conclusion that Malcolm should call and see Col. Fletcher and the squire when they returned, and clear himself from any suspicions that might cling to him.

Malcolm had almost dismissed the matter from his mind, but on his road home after supper, when he had no companions but his own thoughts, Col. Fletcher's remark would persist in coming back. The more he thought of it the more the

insinuation of cowardice galled him, and it was none the less rankling because he could discover no reason for the charge. Malcolm was brooding over these thoughts and had got to the foot of Chuckery hill, where the upper road joins the old York and Kingston stage road, and was passing a clump of trees near the roadway when he heard a voice, "Be that you, doctor?"

It was already nearly dark, and as Malcolm pulled up his horse he recognized the speaker as a tenant of the squire's named Jenkins. Jenkins was one of the better class of immigrants, who had come out a year or two previously.

"Anybody sick around here, doctor?" asked Jenkins, without waiting for an answer to his first question.

"No one worse than myself, that I know of, Jenkins."

"I tell 'ee, doctor, there be strange things 'appening around 'ere."

Malcolm supposed Jenkins had seen something he thought was a ghost, and replied with a laugh, "Oh, yes, strange things are happening every day."

"Oh, but this is more than hordinary strange."

"What is? What are you talking about, Jenkins?"

"Well, I be in town this afternoon, and three men ride up to Striker's Inn."

"Well, what did they do?"

"Why, I was coming 'ome and didn't wait to see what they do."

"I don't see anything particularly strange about that," said Malcolm.

"No, that been't the strange part o' it. You see I was coming 'ome on foot. My black mare got lame yesterday, when—"

"Never mind your black mare, Jenkins. You walked home anyway."

"No I didn't, doctor. I—"

"Well, what did you do? What is the point in all this?"

"Why, doctor, I got as far as this and set down behind these trees to rest. I 'eard them men coming. I knew them because one of the 'orses had white feet, and when they got just here they stopped." Jenkins was not accustomed to sustained narrative and he stopped as well.

"Well, what did they do?" asked Malcolm impatiently.

"Well, sir, they took out a flask and all took a drink around,"

The doctor could not restrain himself, and laughed at Jenkins' denouement. Jenkins' face told plainly that he didn't approve of this hilarity on the doctor's part, and he began to scratch his puzzled head. Evidently this process assisted his faculty of expression, and he said, "I tell'ee, doctor, them men be going to rob

the mail coach."

"How do you know that?"

"Way, I 'eard them say so right yere."

"But why didn't you tell me that before? The coach must be nearly due here."

"You wouldn't give me time to tell'ee, doctor," replied Jenkins in an injured tone.

But the doctor had already turned his horse and was galloping toward the ferry where the stage would cross. If the intentions of the robbers were to attack the coach they would undoubtedly do so in the heavy woods that lay between him and the Ferry Hotel. If he could reach this hotel and give the warning before the coach left, there would be little danger. It was only some two or three miles away and Malcolm spurred his horse into a gallop. He had scarcely entered the dark woods when he heard the coachman's horn. They must be leaving the hotel. A short distance further on he heard a horse pawing the ground a few yards from the roadway. The robbers had probably picketed their horses and were going to attack the coach on foot. In a few minutes more he heard the clatter of the coach as it came rolling over the stony road. Nearer and nearer it came. When within ten yards Malcolm shouted with all his strength. He could hear the coachman pull up his horses and hear him flash his lantern along the road. "Safe," said Malcolm to himself.

There was the flash and report of a pistol not five paces away, and Malcolm reeled in his saddle and fell.

The stage coach and its passengers were indeed safe. Knowing that it was always protected, and that it would not be successfully attacked by a small party unless taken by surprise, the robbers had fled.

When they reached Malcolm they found him unconscious. They conveyed him to the hotel, but it was plain that the wound he had received was fatal. The whole contents of the pistol had entered his side. For half an hour or more there was no change; then Malcolm opened his eyes and recognized squire Haines bending over him, and he could hear the whispers of other men in the room.

"He is coming round, colonel," said the squire to one of his companions, but Malcolm shook his head and said with a husky voice, "No, no." The squire's eyes filled with tears, and he could only express his feelings by pressing one of Malcolm's hands in his own. He thought Malcolm wanted to say something and bowed down his head. "Tell Mary I did not die a coward," was all he could say.

Perhaps Malcolm knew at that moment how precious Mary would hold the

recollection of his love through all the after years. There was a sweet calm on his face as he lay there so still, and in a few minutes he had passed into that other world where love is eternal.



A Bagatelle.

CHARLOTTE M. HOLMES (PICKTON).

THE thistle-down sails thro' the ether,
Like bubbles that float in the air,
While soft immortelles underneath her,
Shine always unchanging and fair.

Let the scent of thorny sweet-briar
Go, marry the dog-roses, sigh,
To be sure, the first may be higher,
The other is lovely and nigh !

Let the wind blow round me, and over,
While butter-cups beckon it on,
To frolic and fluff, thro' the clover,
And find where the whiffletts have gone.

Let the grasses all wave up their best,
With butterflies dancing along,
For the sun will soon flame up the west,
And Nightingales take up the song.



From Kingston to Charlotte

On the North King.

BEFORE leaving Kingston, just a word about its magnificent harbor which is, beyond question, one of the finest in the world. To the south lie the mighty waters of Lake Ontario ever slowly and imperceptibly moving eastward down by this grand, old, limestone city into the majestic St. Lawrence River, the surroundings at the meeting of the lake and river being most remarkably beautiful. On the right, adjacent to the city, is a picturesque promontory just below where the Cataraqui River empties into the lake, and on this are situated the Royal Military College of Canada with its dependent buildings, and overlooking the water near the extreme end of the promontory, a grey stone Martello tower. Beyond these across a quiet inlet of deep water, lies Fort Henry wrapt in dreams under a bright summer sun, on the summit of a grassy glacis, and out a little way in the lake are the well-wooded shores of several large islands, having the appearance of a main-land. Cedar Island, small, and very picturesque with its luxuriant growth of cedars, and other trees and shrubs, and its Martello tower, lies between these and Fort Henry, with just a gleam of blue water on either side.

Kingston harbor is of a certainty a fine one for all manner of boats ; steam-yachts ; sailers, large and small ; skiffs and canoes. A number of bat-wing sails are out this afternoon, the double ones floating about like huge snow-white butterflies dropped down from some far Brobdingnag. To and fro they pass from point to point, and as we watch them, presently a shrill whistle sounds, and a steam-yacht emerges from a recess among the city wharves, passes a fine, large sail-yacht about to cast anchor, and heads for the blue reach between Fort Henry and Cedar Island.

We have just returned from a charming paddle in the little "Wave," a mere sea-shell (not a *clam*, though, by any means), along side of our majestic "North King," and now : "All aboard !" In a moment the great wheels stir, slowly turn, and we are off. It is 5:30 p. m. and running over the delightful water-way between Kingston and Picton, by lake and bay, we touch at the latter place about 9:30 p. m. and are off again immediately for the head of the Bay of Quinte.

It is quite dark. We can distinguish nothing in the gloom save what water

the steamer's lights shine on, and the long ebon reaches of land between the less dark waves and sky, so we turn in and are soon fast asleep, Aunt Nell going first of a certainty, because for a few moments I am conscious of a heavy breathing close by, then am dreaming we have struck a rock, or something solid, and that that there is a wild, loud sound somewhere of steam escaping. By and by rude sounds break in on our dreams, then comes the voice of the long, mellow-toned whistle far forward, sounding as if blown by some distant steamer, and we are at Belleville City. The moon has not yet risen, and looking from the window as we reach the wharf, we can just discern a collection of huge dark buildings. Beyond in the shadows lies the silent city like some great creature fallen asleep on a quiet shore.

Our stay here is brief, and after a pleasant sail and another space of dreams, at last! we enter the beautiful Murray Canal just as a clear silver moon appears above a distant fringe of dark trees. On either side are low shores and vast level lands, ridges of sand, and rocks, and luxuriant growths of grasses: innumerable sedgy lagoons with rare studies of leaves and dead limbs etched in them by night's exquisite artist: the pale moon, while beyond these lie the woodlands, the hills, and the low, shadow-haunted hollows. And as the moon creeps up her blue path, gradually making brighter all this star-loved beauty, a fragment of one of our beautiful Canadian poems drifts out of the night:—

“Lands ancient, bountiful—”

bountiful beyond the shores, and ancient about the canal which resembles, so tourists tell us, that old world river, the Nile.

As in a dream we pass on from one enchanting vision to another, running the canal, of a truth, all too soon, and leaving its wild places wrapt again in silence, save where a lone whip-poor-will calls from some quiet grove, or the scream of a night-bird floats down from the stars.

Steaming out of Brighton Bay at sunrise, we pass by Presqu' isle Point, a beautiful, narrow, tree-fringed reach of green land lying out in Lake Ontario, and run near shore all the way to Port Hope, on one side: the picturesque green lands of Ontario with their gentle undulations and long lines of gravelly beach, on the other, only a great sweep of blue water. A great, low, long, dark line of smoke lies in the wake of a distant mail-steamer—not a sail is in sight.

Arriving at Port Hope, a very pretty town beautifully situated by the lake, we find there is ample time for sight-seeing ere leaving for Charlotte, so we stroll out in the sunshine and fresh, sweet winds of the summer morning, to the extreme end of the pier beyond the neat white lighthouse. Here the waves roll in, breaking against the wooden pillars and sliding inside among the great, round stones moving the loose ones about like so many pebbles.

What a variety of tints the ever-changing waters take ! Southward upon the lake are pale blues, in some places almost white ; spaces of amber, vague gold lights, and faint browns ; deep, sea blues and beautiful greens, one a lovely mineral green like pale green malachite.

In the course of a couple of hours we are out on these wild, wide waters, and by and by the receding shores grow dim and more dim until naught is visible save the sea, and the sky, and the golden sun shadowed at times by snow-white clouds drifted across the blue. Swift fly the moments in keen enjoyment. We have been out on deck for some time gazing upon these vast round sunlit expanses of sky and sea, and listening to exquisite strains of music wafted to us from a piano near by in the saloon. Behind us a young man, on his wedding-trip, is reading to his pretty bride, a chapter from one of *Amelie Rives'* clever stories, "According to Saint John" ;—

"And you think one can love twice ?" Farrance is speaking to Jean.

"I was thinking about that just now. There was a bee humming quite close to me over the violets, and it came to me that love stung once—then died as a bee does. No, I don't think people love twice—not in the same way."

"But all the ways of loving are sweet, dear."

"I don't know. I haven't any way of knowing—perhaps I am all wrong."

"Look, dear, suppose a man told you that he loved you, would you stop to question whether it was his first or his twenty-first love ?"

"It would depend upon whether I loved him."

"And if you loved him ?"

"Then it would depend upon whether he loved me."

"Jean," said Farrance suddenly, "I love you. Will you marry me ?"

* * * * *

"Jean, look at me ; I want to see your eyes !"

"I will look at you as much as you wish," she said calmly, though trembling a little ; "but it is not love you feel for me. No man can feel twice what you have felt—and—and—" here the trembling became violent—"if I married you, I should want to be loved as much as you loved—her."

"As much in a different way—I can—I will, child. Look, I swear it to you ! You have roused something new in me during the last twenty minutes, I am not cold about it, as you think, I care desperately about your answer. I wouldn't have believed this morning that I could care so much for anything on earth. My child—my little dear one, come close to me—you can rest so forever if you wish to—"

Suddenly, she drew back from him, turned away with an anguished gesture.

"I can see her—I can see her now," she cried in a heart-broken voice; "all white—I can see you—I can see your eyes! Oh, how you loved her! How you loved her! I thought that you would die too—and now you want to marry me! You say that you will love me as much! It seems too terrible!"

At this moment a happy child runs up to me, laughing, and I do not hear more of the story. It is Madeline, a pretty girl of nine summers, and she has begun a hunt through her pockets for a lead pencil to sketch a distant sail on a leaf I have given her from my note book. It is always interesting to look over the contents of children's pockets. From one in her dark blue gown Madeline has taken a small white china doll, four short slate pencils, several candies, a couple of colored glass buttons, a doll's bonnet, and three dry bits of bread.

"I always carry bread with me for cats and birds," she says with a shy, sweet smile as she places these hard chips off the "staff of life," in my lap with the rest of the things. As she empties her other two pockets, finding at last a small, black lead pencil, a young lady comes out of the saloon carrying a picturesque—but here Aunt Nell who has been looking over my shoulder interrupts me,—

"I declare! I would not use that word again."

Evidently she does not know what it is to run short of adjectives. However, I explain that this time it is a "picturesque" pug—see, over there—a wee creature, cuddled up close to its mistress' white throat.

By and by, after a swift, delightful sail we sight the American shore and about 4 o'clock p. m. arrive at

CHARLOTTE.

This port lies in a little way on the pretty Genesee River, and here we disembark and take an electric car for

ROCHESTER,

nine miles farther up. Being accustomed to old fashioned street cars, these fine electric ones give us an impression of having broken loose and run away from the horses.

The ride is a charming one, the car moving swiftly on with a singing sound, making as it passes by, a great stir in the leaves of trees growing close all along the track. The scenery is beautiful and some very handsome buildings are to be found on either side of the road.

After wazlering about the city for awhile Aunt Nell deserts us and returns to Charlotte. Poor Aunt Nell! Listen what befalls her.

Arriving too late for tea on board the North King, a special one is prepared for her in the pantry by the steward, of whom she will ever have grateful recollections, for she has a passion for fresh strawberries, cream, and cake, and thin, well-buttered slices of bread—and it is just such repast he happens to set before her. However, she has scarcely tasted it when down comes the New York Central from Rochester on its way to

ONTARIO BEACH,

a delightful summer resort on Lake Ontario near the mouth of the Genesee River, only several minutes ride from Charlotte.

Now the track runs round this place something the shape of a balloon, and the ride to and from Charlotte is *free*.

Aunt Nell, anxious to see the fine buildings and beautiful grounds at the Beach, hurries from the boat, boards the train and is whirled off around a perfect fairyland lighted by a hundred brilliant electric lights, and gay with delicious strains of music and many merry voices. Presently, however, the lights grow less, soon there are none—the train stops a moment—then rushes on. And now comes the conductor with puncher in hand, and tickets are shown now here, now there—what does this mean?—until he reaches Aunt Nell who has neither ticket nor money—she has left her purse on board the boat. In a moment, however, the mystery is solved, as she learns she has neglected to get off at Charlotte, and is on her way to Rochester—again! There is no help for it, to the city she must go, and the conductor fully comprehending the situation, good-naturedly passes on without a word, save that the train will return soon to Charlotte. And now as they wait for a few minutes under the great dark roof at the station in Rochester where train after train goes thundering by, who happens to enter the car but the gallant captain of the North King? By the way there was a whole paragraph about him in the *Pieton Gazette* the other day:—

"Captain Nicholson, of the Steamer North King, is a great favorite with the ladies, and is the recipient of many beautiful 'anonymous' bouquets. On Saturday he received three from Cobourg alone," (Cobourg—hm!) "and they are showered on him in like manner all along the line."

Having been informed by the "conductor," of Aunt Nell's adventure, the captain unable quite to repress a broad smile, presents himself:—

"Good night, Mrs. —, and what are you doing here?"

Whereupon Aunt Nell who has enjoyed the night's ride thoroughly, with a smile almost as extensive, replies:

"That's just what I'd like to know, captain, what in the world am I doing here?"

In a little while, however, she is back again on board the steamer at Charlotte, happily conscious of having "beaten" the New York Central, which is, so the captain tells her, something no one else has been able to do (?). And now she returns to her strawberries, and cream, and cake, with due appreciation of their most excellent qualities, while we draw up a card to be posted up in the N. Y. C. running between Rochester and Ontario Beach :—

NOTICE.

TO NORTH KING PASSENGERS :

Watch out for Charlotte after running Ontario Beach "balloon."

Fare to Rochester and return, 25cts.

H. M. M.



On a June Night.

BY HECTOR W. CHARLESWORTH (TORONTO).

HALF-HID amid the dusky pine-plumes,
The golden moon shines bright ;
And yonder, unseen mass of vine-blooms
With perfume fills the night.

The cricket's chorus shrill is ringing
Amid the dewy blades,
From far away the streamlet's singing
Comes faintly through the glades.

Though that ripe moon on loves and sorrows
For centuries has shone ;
Poets who loved the light it borrows
Are long forgot and gone.

To me it seems as if thro' ages
The earth had taken flight,
Days of the Nile-land's mystic sages,
Seem come again to-night.

Days long no more ! but yet the perfumes
Are sweet and fresh as then ;
And that rich gold amid the pine-plumes
Still fades and comes again.

Summer in the Solitudes.

IT was in mid-winter we dreamed a dream of the summer, cracking nuts and watching the broken shells burning red in little heaps on the bright hearth-coals, and when sunny June came over the uplands straying far with soft footfalls in the green long grasses, and the lark sang merry and wild of the meadows and the morning, and blue-bells and buttercups and a thousand starry flowers blossomed bright in leafy wildernesses, right gladly we hurried out from the great city, beyond daisied fields and babbling, silver streams into the heart of a wondrously beautiful forest-solitude. And here had been builded a sun-palace over a mountain-stream, and in it we idled away many long, happy hours of summer dreaming by night-time under the stars and the moon, or straying hither and thither in sunlight through innumerable soft ways of beauty fragrant and wild with flowers and the singing of birds.

Some fifty or sixty rods away, and beyond us up the mountain side the stream dropped more than forty feet in a cascade upon gray rocks and came foaming and swirling down in under our crystal floor seeming ever about to leap in upon us what time our palace was open to the rushing sound of wild waters, for it was fashioned all of glass and we often times opened out one or more of its thin walls. Then passing on below us for several yards, the stream went brawling into the limpid blue of a beautiful lake, along whose peaceful shores sun-loving halcyon would sit hour after hour dreaming in the gold-light through many a balmy summer afternoon. I have a study of him sunning himself on a brown snag out a little way beyond a tangle of slender reeds and waxen water blossoms—such a fine fellow ! only there is not enough gold on his feathers.

Another study is a rather pretty one of the moon in the meadow grass. In the foreground is the edge of a meadow fringed with a great tangle of long, thin grasses. The moon, rising ere yet the sun has gone down, shines faintly through them like jewels through fine laces—a bitter-sweet vine thrusts a delicate stem against the clouds almost over the silver disc, and a green moon-moth is afloat in mid-air.

* * * * *

One starry night in mid-summer as the moon rose from out the black pines across the lake, laving with molten silver a broad pathway over the wind-rippled waters we opened out the upper and lower walls of our palace, and half-reclined

on our rugs, watched in silence for some time, the cascade above us flinging out great handfuls of pale pearls into the leaf-shadows on either side, and, below us, the beautiful lake with its glimmering moon-path occasionally crossed by some silent wanderer, some lone wild fowl, restless and roaming about through all the warm night.

After a while a taper was lighted to attract moths, for we delighted in their soft wing-sounds and the fire in their round, little eyes, and one by one they came circling about us from the shadows. Then a violin was taken up, and the woods thronged with echoes, delicate and wonderful as though Pan had wandered again into his hallowed haunts, touching as he passed along, a thousand golden pipes by stream and lone leaf-girdled lake.


Thus were our nights given to all that was beautiful through that long delightful season, and our days were joyous with pleasure such as may be found only in the quiet charm of forest solitudes.

H. M. M.



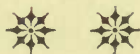
LAKE Couchiching.

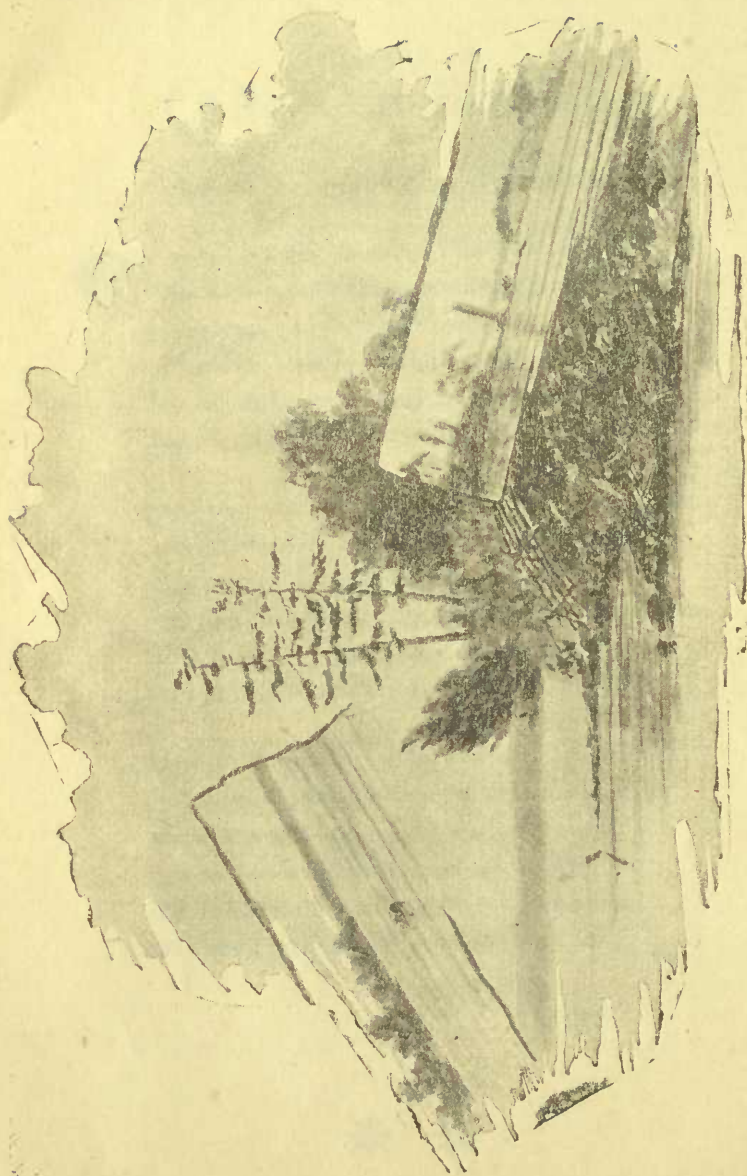
BY W. A. SHERWOOD (TORONTO).

 HAVEN I loitered listening, Couchiching,
To the soft lull of distant waving trees
At evening, and the sweet murmuring
Of waters waken'd with the evening breeze,
To one, whilst wandering thy shores along
Unseen, sweet voices hymn their evening song.

Long since the Red Man named thee, Couchiching :
Or built his wigwam rude upon thy shore ;
But longer after shall the minstrel sing
Of him that named thee but knows thee no more.
Unlike with thee had I that minstrel power,
I'd sing thee long, I'd sing thee every hour !

Hallowed that morn when first we learn to know
How near to Nature are the hearts we prove ;
More hallowed still in even's after-glow,
How dear to Nature is the one we love.
Thus thy bright waters, joyous Couchiching,
O'er one I love for ever seem to sing.





FROM WATER-COLOR SKETCHES

PICTON BAY.

BY E. B. MERRILL.

From Picton to Brighton via the Murray Canal.

AT seven o'clock a. m. sharp, we steam out of harbor under a blue sky—a luxury, as the rain has been falling pretty steadily for three whole days, and three whole nights, so rare an occurrence in this part of the great globe that but yesterday we grumblers were prone to doubt if the sun would ever shine again. However it is fair weather at last, and now running close along the High Shore of Prince Edward County, down a short distance where the bay lies away to the east, looking sunward we have a fine view of the picturesque green hills at Glenora, and know that, just beyond the pretty church spire, lie the bright waters of our own blue Lake on the Mountain, while down below and half a mile off shore is one of our most popular summer resorts—beautiful Glen Island. It contains about thirteen well-wooded acres, the government having the right to use it for purposes of defence.

In a short time we enter the Long Reach, where the low lovely shores of Lennox county lie close to our own higher and more rugged ones, and now industrial Deseronto is in sight some distance up the bright vista. On the left the Prince Edward shores are decidedly beautiful with green Point on Point, one beyond another, reaching out into the sparkling wind-rippled waters of the narrow Reach. And here on either shore are groves black with pines, and spruces in clusters like green tents pitched for the shelter of dryads. Spread out about them are green mats of grass like soft green fur, and an occasional wild cherry tree is all snow-white with a thousand tiny blossoms.

Several miles of scenery like this and the Prince Edward shore turns off towards Belleville. Here in the broad bay on the left are several islands, while on the right of Deseronto one has a glimpse up the reed-fringed waters of the winding Napanee River.

DESERONTO

is a thriving village situated on the Bay of Quinte at this point between the mouth of the Napanee River and the Indian Reservation in Tyendinaga, its water frontage being occupied by the extensive mills and lumber-yards of the Rathbun Company.

And now we steam on again, the shores teeming with beauty all the way to Belleville City. Here close by us near a low reach of green land where cows are sunning themselves after an early breakfast, is a great flock of wild ducks. Slowly they are making their way up against the waves in a cool wind, and now presently they rise, form in a dark line and wheel off toward the east whence we have come, their light bodies, at every lifting of the wings, showing like flashes of silver against the cloudless sky.

By and by a flight of plovers crosses our path, the birds at one moment appearing like big white butterflies in the sun, at another, as they dip toward the bay, like great grey moths.

Dear, oh! dear—I have been sitting a little while by an open door of this comfortable saloon, gazing out over green fields and sparkling expanses of water, when just as we leave one of the small wharves up the bay, in comes a young man who, stepping up to a long mirror, not far from me, deliberately surveys himself and his pink-flowered, cream silk cravat, and great gold, stud with a marked degree of satisfaction. And now I have been debating whether to “give him away” or forget him, when in comes someone else who sits down in a cosy seat directly in front of this same looking-glass, his back to it—yet all the same he very soon looks round and gazes at himself for one.....whole.....minute! quite regardless of on-lookers. I say, if young men knew how much they amuse us girls doing this in public, and especially once in a while when they try to subdue an unruly mustache with a nice little pocket comb, would they do it? Not that we wish a monopoly of the mirrors—by no means—only, don’t you know, we who are so addicted to the intemperate use of them, naturally expect some thing better of our sterner brothers.

Steaming on we pass by

MASSASSAGA POINT.

a very popular summer-resort on the Prince Edward shore near Belleville, and touching at this city approach now the great Bay of Quinte bridge which connects Belleville with Ferry Point, county of Prince Edward. It is 1,868 feet long, has 13 spans, each 93 feet in length, two of 148 feet each, one of 60 feet and a swing of 233 feet. The northern approach is 800 feet long, and a roadway of nearly half a mile in length built through a marsh, connects the approach to the main land, “The structure, which is of steel, is of a light and beautiful design, and is a credit to the contractors, the Brown Manufacturing Company, of this city. It is built on stone piers, which are founded upon piles. This portion of the work was done by Messrs, Lee & Alford, of Belleville, and is a first class job.”

Slowly the great gate swings open, and five little children are swung out on it over the deep waters, two of them mere babies, clinging with tiny

fingers to the steel bars, their pink aprons blown about by the breeze, their cheeks dimpling with smiles as the big steamer goes by. Then slowly the heavy gate swings to behind us and after a pleasant sail on the upper bay, and on by Trenton where the Gilmour Bros. have extensive lumber-mills, we soon enter the charming

MURRAY CANAL.

Here the scenery is varied. In the distance on our right, rise the blue hills of Murray (visible from the Reservoir at Picton) running north-east and south-west, and everywhere between these and the shore of the canal are green groves and innumerable quiet grassy places, and meadows and fields, while here and there along the stone-edged shores are piles on piles of fawn-colored sand full now of tiny waves beaten in them by the recent rains. For some distance on one shore these have been levelled and made into a smooth, fine road-way, a delightful place for an evening or early morning canter, and in many places beyond the embankments are marshy spots, and reed-fringed lagoons, with low meadows where cows are grazing and an occasional little red or white calf dreams in the sun. Very beautiful are the low-lands with their grasses, and glimpses of water, and their groves of dark evergreens brightened here and there with the fresh yellow-green of the maple and beach, elm, basswood and the white-stemmed birches. A gentle May-wind is stirring the leaves, and the air is full of bird-song, and the fragrance of white, wild blossoms.

After a delightful ride through this canal which is about five miles long, we steam out into Weller's Bay and soon arrive at a little wharf in the wilderness—off there somewhere beyond the woods is the town of Brighton, while on the left Presqu' Isle Point lies out in the water between the blue bay and Lake Ontario. The trip through the Murray Canal is a most enjoyable one by day or night, and during the season there are a number of excursions up here from Picton, Deseronto and Belleville.

H. M. M.

Before the Dark on Macaulay's Mountain.

BY REGINALD GOURLAY (PICTON.)

A LOVELY evening comes again
On burning day,
As calm on sorrow, rest on pain,
Will come for aye.

And the far pine tops touching,
With rose-tipped fingers,
The sweet Canadian sunset
A moment lingers.

And as that mighty pine tree
On yonder height,
Stands like a shape of beauty robed
In the last rays of joyous light,

So youth on Life's dark portal,
Stands with sun-gloried hair,
The radiance of a light from heaven
An instant lingers there.

Well, let him stand a moment
In that bright ray,
For mist and darkness, woe and pain,
Will come—ere day.

Bruin Vanquished.

[This is probably the only instance on record of a bear being literally pounded to death by a man using no other weapon than his fists.]

ONCE upon a time when the wilds of Prince Edward County were but thinly populated there lived in the Township of North Marysburgh, a Mr. Connor, the strongest man to be found at that time in this part of Canada, and brave without a thought of fear.

Well, one night as he was on his way home from a friend's house, having appropriated during the evening a generous quantity of "something warm," passing through a lonely piece of woods, presently he heard an ominous crackling of branches, and suddenly a good-sized black bear emerged from a thicket close by, and, rising on his hind feet with his fore-paws ready for action approached the intruder. Connor thereupon dashed his cap to the ground, made a motion as though rolling his sleeves, and struck out for his opponent.

"You want to fight, d'you? Well, come on then!" What else he said is not recorded. Shorthand had not yet been introduced into this county, and the then usual mode of reporting was too slow for the occasion. Meantime he got in the first blow, and one that told, for it sent Bruin rolling over on the damp sod; and no sooner had the black fellow picked himself up and prepared for a second attack, than back he was rolled again; and every time he tried to rise, Connor went for him. He dealt him a round blow between two ribs; chucked him under the chin; thumped him in the heart with thumps that would kill men; whacked him on the nose, and hurled his fists into his very eyes. Then he pounded his ribs with awful pounds, thumped him again, and again, and, giving him a whack in the stomach, finally laid him.

Hunting up his cap, he drew it on well over his eyes, and shouldering the heavy black brute, continued his way home, whistling while he went as though this was not an uncommon occurrence.

But, steady there! Connor had not gone far when suddenly Bruin gave several spasmodic kicks, growled as only a bear with a sore head can growl, and went down in grand style to the ground, whereupon another engagement ensued, ending of a certainty, as did the other. Then followed in due course of time, several more of the same character, and at last Connor was glad to lay down his burden in a corner of his cabin. His wife was up yet, and had ready for him a

fine sapper, after partaking of which he drew out his pipe and indulged himself with a smoke.

Puff—puff—puff! and the great smoke-wreaths floated up and drifted about like white shadows till Connor fancied he could see Bruin's ghost prowling around among them. And only in fancy could this have been, unless a bear's ghost is privileged above other ghosts, to be, at one and the same time, in two different places, for, ere long, an ominous sound proceeded from a shadowy corner—Bruin was a-stir again!

Aroused now beyond measure, Connor talked faster than ever, while at the close of this last and brief engagement, Bruin had no more life in him than had the grey ashes scattered here and there from Connor's pipe.

Then they proceeded to cut him up and salt him down after the fashion of pork, (bear-flesh being considered a delicacy) saving his magnificent skin for a bed-blanket which did good service in that capacity through many subsequent winters; and they refined his fat into hair-oil, an article very highly prized by the young men and maidens of the country at that time.

H. M. M,



The Wood-Pile Test.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH (TORONTO).

No ; I don't like being swindled, and dead-beats *do* abound ;
 And lots of lazy lubbers are always hangin' round ;
 The stories they tell sound truthful, an' their tears seem gennewine,
 But I know they're frauds an' humbugs, 'bout seven times out o' nine.

Well ? What'll you do about it ? Give 'em a straight out No !
 When day by day they come crawlin', telling their tale of woe—
 Askin' for food or money, or beggin' a job of work ?
 Goin' to ignore their cases 'cause some of 'em might shirk ?

I can't do that no longer—p'raps I'm not wise as you,
 But I'll never deny 'em a job, if I've got any chores to do ;
 I keep a wood-pile a-purpose, an' a bucksaw sharp and bright,
 An' I've always kept 'em handy since a certain winter night.

'Twas a cold an' stormy evenin', when a chap came to my place—
 A pitiful lookin' creetur, with pale and hungry face ;
 An' he asked for a job of some sort to earn a dime or two,
 An' I thought for once I'd test him, an' see what he would do.

"Come 'round to-morrow," I says to him, "an' saw a cord of wood"—
 The fellow kind o' started ; says he, "You are very good,
 But if you don't object, sir, I'd like to start in now,
 Although it's kind of latish." I says to myself, "I swow !"

"All right," says I, "go at it !" an' I took him to the shed ;
 He tightened up his waist strap, an' nothin' more was said ;
 I went in to my supper, an' while I sat an' et,
 I heard the saw a-goin' in a way that made me sweat.

"Poor cuss, he must be hungry, he needs some food an' drink :"
 "Dear Samuel," says my better-half, "that's 'zactly what *I* think."
 So she fixed up some good sandwiches, and a red hot cup of tea,
 An' took it to the feller, an' "Thank you, ma'am," says he.

"Would you believe it, Samuel," says she, when she returned,
 "He's half-way through that cord o' wood : his money's nearly earned ;"
 An' when a little later I took a saunter out,
 I'm blowed if he wasn't through the job an' puttin' on his coat !

"But what's the matter with the lunch ?" says I, "for here it lays."
 "Well, sir, I hope it's no offence—it's just like this," he says,
 "If you ain't no objection, I'll take it home," says he,
 "My missus an' the young 'uns they needs it mor'n me."

I could hardly speak at first, an' then I says, "Come in !"
 An' then made him sit right down an' eat, an' filled him to the chin.
 "An' now," says I, "we'll settle up : just mention what's your charge."
 Well, sir," says he, "would fifty cents—er--?—if that ain't too large."

"Get out," says I. He trembled some. "Then say a quarter, sir."
 Get out ag'in !" I fairly roared ; "what do you take me fur ?
 I won't do such a measly thing ! See, here's a dollar bill,
 But don't you git so flustered ; go on an' eat your fill !"

An' if you ever see a man that looked surprised an' glad,
 You'd seen one then as off he went as spry as any lad,
 Right through the black and stormy night, straight for his little home,
 An' maybe wife and babies wan't glad to see him come !

That's why I've took the notion—p'raps I'm not over wise ;
 An' maybe I'll be played on by frauds who tell me lies,
 But I'm goin' to trust 'em until I see the fraud,
 For there's here an' there a hero 'mongst poor ones of our God !

A Fiend in Grey.

THE first of September, a cold, damp, dreary day, quite out of time with the balmy, sunshiny ones of August, dragged itself wearily away, and was followed by a damper, drearier night.

Not a sunbeam had penetrated the dull grey clouds that hung all day like an unlovely shroud over the cheerless earth.

A few stray rain-drops had fallen since mid-day, and as the evening shades deepened in the west, the clouds drifted nearer, dark and threatening.

The wind moaned among the tree-tops and over bleak stretches of meadowland, dying away in the waste places of the neighboring hills on whose craggy summits the massy clouds seemed to rest.

At the columned entrance of a mansion situated in the suburbs of one of Canada's fair cities, a maiden with auburn ringlets and eyes of hazel, that witching, indescribable hue so seldom met with, save in novels, was engaged in earnest conversation with a handsome youth, over whose naturally cheery countenance the surrounding gloom had cast a slight shadow.

It was their bridal eve. The night was ominous. Soon the voice of distant thunder reached them and checked their speech.

As they stood on the marble steps looking out into the darkness, a cool wind wafted the sweet odor of late blossoms toward them; a shower of crisp leaves from a rose vine that twined in great thorny coils around one of the huge pillars, fluttered down at their feet with a soft rustle, and a night-bird with weird cry swept past them.

They returned to the cheerful light of the drawing-room, and when the time of departure had arrived, Ione accompanied her lover to the little garden gate. His path lay through the garden and on into the well-wooded park that separated their homes. They lingered at the gate, a gentle light streaming from an open window out over the well-worn path that led to it. The night grew darker.

They spoke of the morrow and wished for sunshine. A brilliant flash of lightning pierced the southern sky, a few large drops plashed on the earth about them, and Alphus having murmured a loving goodnight, proceeded homeward through the leafy woods, no thought of danger molesting him. He thought only of the dear one from whom he had just parted, and rejoiced to think that it was

for the last time—to-morrow he would claim his beautiful bride.

Alas ! little did they dream what the night had in store for them.

They were happy—very happy. No thought of harm occurred to them—why was there not some good spirit near to warn them of impending danger ? While lingering at the gate neither of them noticed the gray form that stole silently by them along the hedge. He had lurked all day in a grove on the river-bank, and as night set in he approached the house.

Keeping well in the shadow of the shrubs he reached the western wing and stationed himself beneath Ione's casement. Here he remained until the city bells chimed the midnight hour.

When Ione parted from Alphus at the gate she walked thoughtfully back to the house. Hero, her great shaggy Newfoundland, was at her side, whining and springing up to lick her hand.

"Dawn ! Hero, see, you would brush away his caresses." And she shielded her injured hand with her other one.

The great cold rain-drops fell faster and faster, and the rude wind drove them mercilessly into her face.

The darkness deepened.

It was a wild night—a terrible night suggestive of blood-curdling deeds.

Ione repaired to her room and was soon at rest in dreamland's realm of flowers.

When securing her windows for the night she had neglected one—even a little space of it was open, and as the last sweet chime was hushed by the voice of the storm, the stranger entered with noiseless tread.

Did he come in search of gold, or was he some jealous lover of Ione that he sought her life-blood ?

The wind howled among the tall trees and a chilly gust entered and flickered the dim light that burned in the chandelier.

Keeping close to the wall he reached the bedside, and, after mumbling, inaudibly, some weird incantation, plunged his dagger into the bosom of the fair Ione.

The murderous deed was done !

So suddenly was it performed that no piercing shriek, that traditional cry of the murdered, echoed on the chilly air.

Ione did not recover sufficient consciousness to utter a sound.

The snowy eyelids trembled, opened half way and closed again. One dimpled, jewelled hand moved toward the wound, but the sweet, beautiful face still

retained its peaceful aspect.

His thirst for blood satisfied, his gory weapon withdrawn, the huge mosquito spread his wings and flew up to the ceiling where he rested till sunrise.

H. M. M. (In "Grip").



Shadows---Sunshine..

BY I. M. P. (PICTON).

UNDER the "Sandbanks" shadows,
—Resting by the way—
We talked, and walked, and flirted,
My little coquette and I.
"Why do I seem to you, sir,"
She said, "like the shifting sand
That makes a constant wonder
Of this inconstant land?"

"I'll tell you, gentle maiden,
If you will agree
There shall be no anger
Between you and me—?"
Then, she looked up—smiling,
A promise in her eyes
That almost undid me
With its sweet surprise.

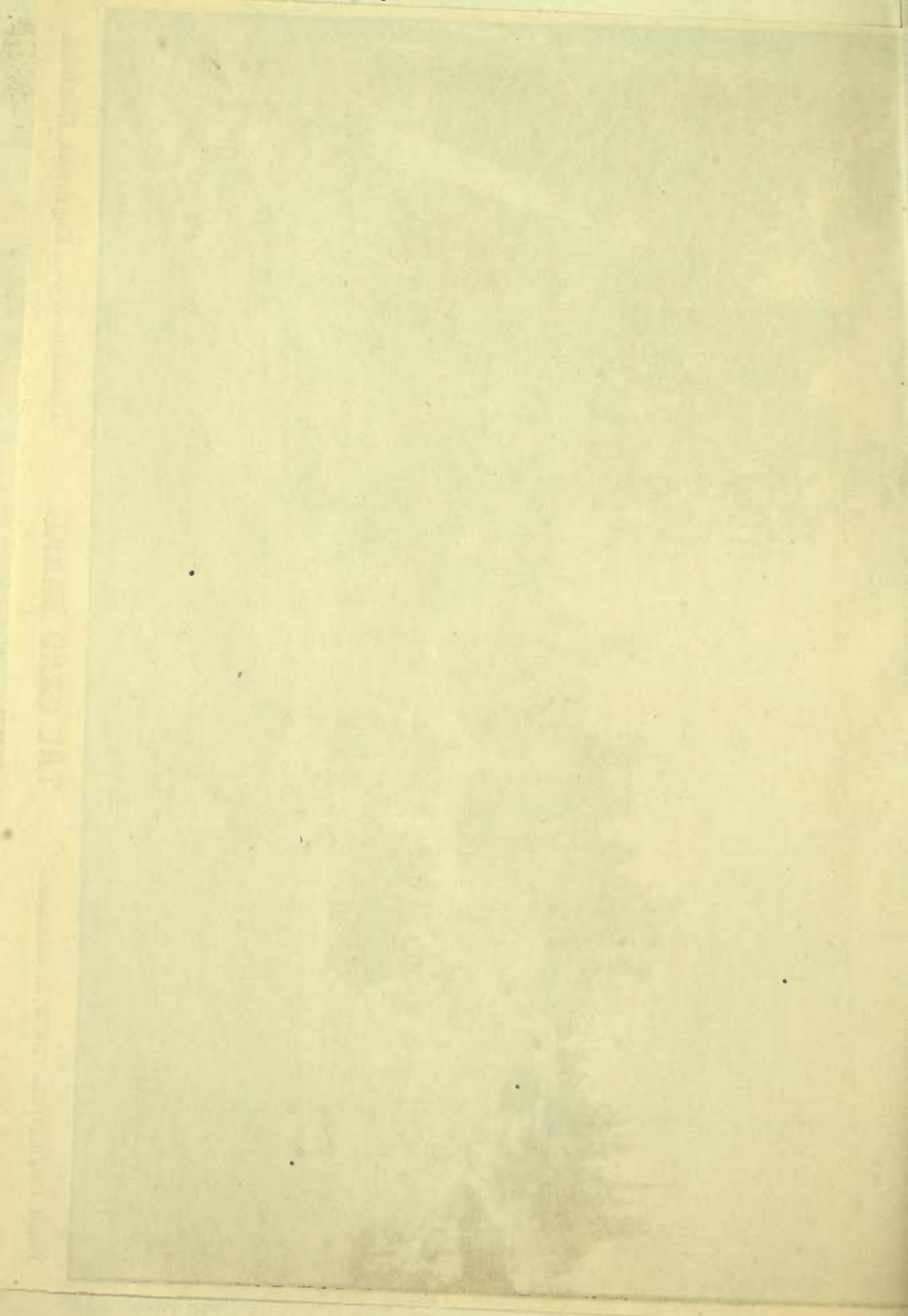
"Like the sand, you're yielding,
When I touch your hand.
But, attempt to keep you,
And, in all the land
There's no other fellow
Half so fooled, as I—
When you seem most gracious
Then—away you fly!"



FROM A NEGATIVE. BY W. F. JOHNSON.

THE SAND BANKS.

Desbarats & Co., Engravers, Montreal.



SHADOWS—SUNSHINE.

89

"Say you so," she murmured,
"Well, its very strange ;
Sometimes the prize is mastered
That's furtherest out of range.
In life's simple Primer
Have you not been taught
That the the joys most wished for
Are hardest to be caught ?"
Straightway mine eyes were opened,
Unto my heart was told
The dear delightful story,
So new, and yet so old—
And—I shall love the Sandbanks
To the very end of life,
For, beneath its restless shadows,
I found *my* prize—a wife !!



Jack.

JACK was a bold recruit—in fact at times a little too bold. He had been at a Military College for several short months and had learned to go through his facings like a veteran, especially the “about” movement, (this he had to perfection, having acquired it while under “Restriction of leave,” turning gracefully round and round in the one direction, often getting his chain and himself, though, in a grand tangle which sometimes almost strangled him) when, suddenly and without ceremony one day he was rusticated—yes, literally rusticated.

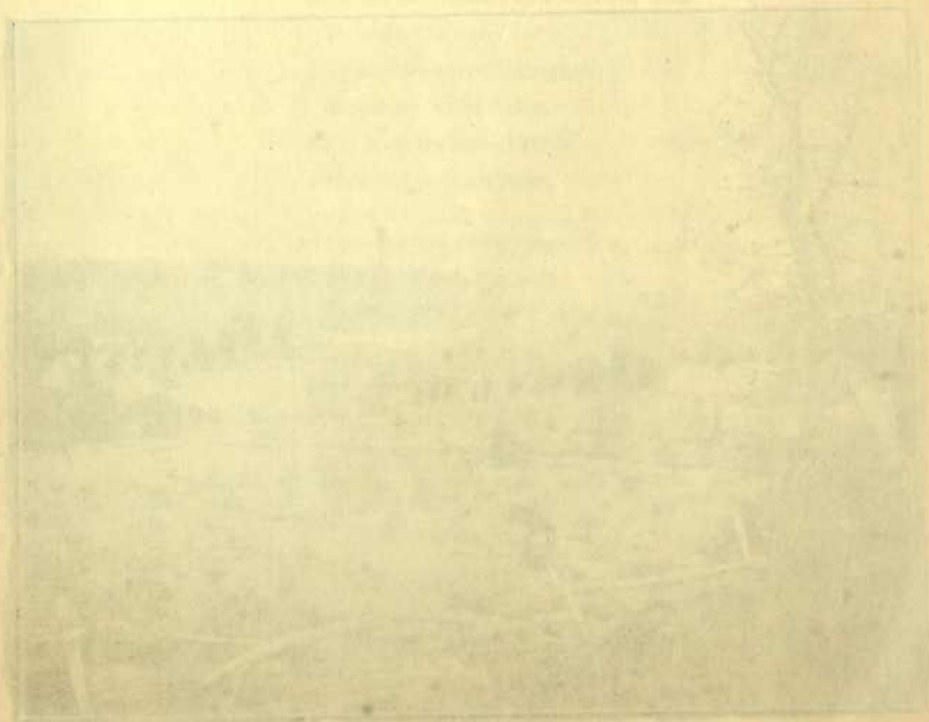
Poor Jack ! It was his first trip on a steamboat, and it didn't seem to agree with him very well, making him rather nervous and cross. And no wonder !—When we went down to see him, there they were coaxing him to eat raw potatoes. Ugh ! as if even a bear would ever take to such things. Jack, anyway was an exception, having been accustomed of late to well-cooked vegetables, fish, bacon, Rocky Mountain goat, strawberries and lilac blossoms. So he shoved the raw things away, the man remarking : “He hasn't any appetite. We've fed him everything on the boat.”

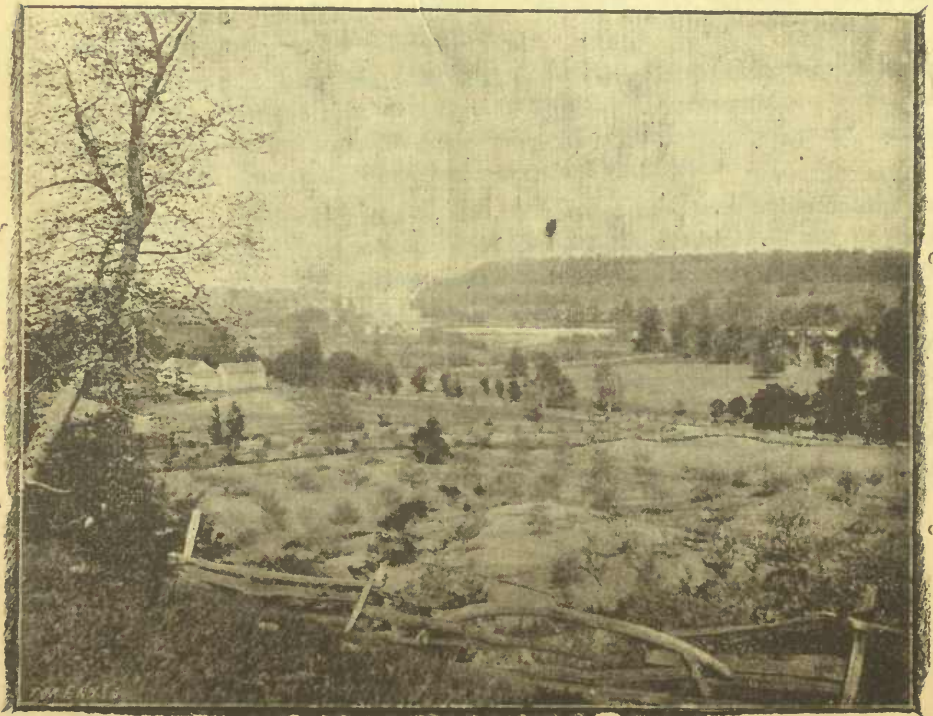
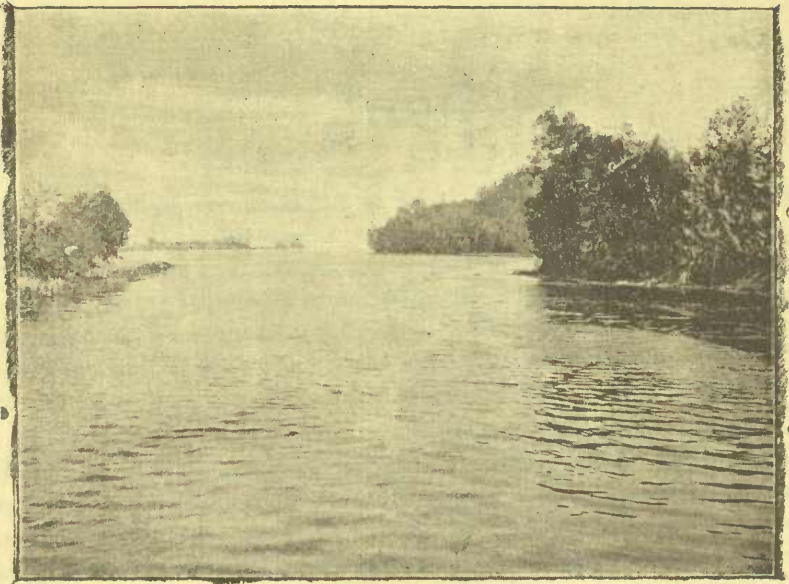
“Up, Jack !” I said, snapping my fingers, and he immediately rose on his hind feet. “Right turn—left turn.” This done, he went down again and began his “about” movement over his chain, when presently, along came a young man with half a banana. Now ! where was Jack's appetite ?

Dropping it on the floor (the banana, of course) the clever fellow opened out the yellow skin with his black paws, scraped out the mellow fruit and devoured it with a fine relish, then rising again he came close to us with a queer little sound in his throat—his way of asking for more.

Well, Major Jack, as we called him, though “Minor” would have been more appropriate in one sense, as he was not yet a year and a half old, did not remain long in the country. He was an ambitious fellow and preferred life at East Point, and as several interested parties on account of his cannibalistic inclinations, also preferred it for him, he took his departure for the city on the following morning, having remained awake all night to be sure to catch the 6:30 boat.

H. M. M.





FROM NEGATIVE S.

Black River.

BY W. F. JOHNSON.

The Indian's Song.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

WITH spread wings forever
Time's eagle careers,
His quarry old nations,
His prey the young years ;
Into monuments brazen
He strikes his fierce claw,
And races are only
A sop for his maw.

The red sun is rising
Behind the dark pines,
And the mountains are marked out
In saffron lines ;
The pale moon still lingers,
But past is her hour
Over mountain and river
Her silver to shower.

As yon moon disappeareth,
We pass and are past ;
The Pale Face o'er all things
Is potent at last.
He bores thro' the mountains,
He bridges the ford,
He bridles steam horses
Where Bruin was lord ;
He summons the river,
Her wealth to unfold ;
From flint and from granite
He crushes the gold.

PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD.

Those valleys of silence
 Will soon be alive
 With hucksters who chaffer,
 Prospectors who strive ;
 And the house of the Pale Face
 Will peer from the crest
 Of the cliff, where the eagle
 To-day builds his nest.

The Redskin he marred not
 White fall on wild rill,
 But to-morrow those waters
 Will turn a mill ;
 And the streamlet which flashes
 Like a young squaw's dark eye,
 Will be dark with foul refuse,
 Or may be run dry.

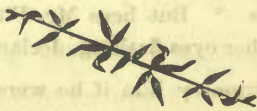
From the sea where the Father
 Of Waters is lost,
 To the sea where all summer
 The iceberg is tost,
 The white hordes will swarm
 And the white man will sway,
 And the smoke of his engine
 Make swarthy the day.

Around the mound of a brother
 In sadness we pace—
 How much sadder to stand
 At the grave of a race !
 But the good Spirit knows
 What for man is the best,
 And which should be chosen—
 The strife or the rest.

As for me, I'm time-weary,
 I await my release ;
 Give to others the struggle,
 Grant me but the peace ;—
 And what peace like the peace
 Which death offers the brave ?
 What rest like the rest
 Which we find in the grave ?

For the doom of the hunter
 There is no reprieve ;
 And for me, 'mid strange customs,
 'Tis bitter to live.

Our part has been played,
 Let the white man play his ;
 Then he, too, disappears,
 And goes down the abyss.
 Yes ! Time's eagle will prey
 On the Pale Face at last,
 And his doom, like our own,
 Is to pass and be past.



Lost on the False Ducks.

DOLLY had been staying at Glen Island, one of our delightful summer resorts, but two short weeks, and already half a dozen men were eagerly watching for some slight sign of encouragement to offer her their hearts and hands. for "better or worse." At the end of the third week, two of them having become desperate rivals had spoken—the one, an elderly wealthy New York gentleman, to her uncle ; the other, a young Toronto barrister, to herself—and both had been accepted, thus making matters rather perplexing at the outset to all parties interested. However, an interview that same night between Mr. Fitzgerald and his charming niece, though not righting the matter as it should have done, set it, at any rate, on a fair way in that direction. During the afternoon while Dolly's uncle had been trolling for maskinonge and listening to his friend's interesting discourse regarding his beautiful ward, she herself had been hearing a far sweeter story told her among green shadows on the shore at Glenora. She had gone out for a paddle with Jack Darrell, and while floating idly along under the hills they had espied some pink sweet-brier blossoms back a little way by a fence along the country road and had drawn up their canoe, and, after cutting a huge bunch of the fragrant flowers, had tarried for a while under a great tree near the water's edge, and it was here the young barrister avowed his love.

"Humph ! Darrell—you marry Darrell ! and throw away a chance not one girl in ten thousand ever gets. Do you know what you're doing, child ? Your mother had enough of poverty, and you remember her last words : 'If Dolly ever marries be sure it is some one who can take proper care of her.' Darrell never can—he has squandered what money he did have, and yours would go like it. No, you will never have my consent, and you know the consequences if ever you marry without it. Now here's Mr. Eastman ready to marry you to-morrow—you can live like a princess—" But here Mr. Fitzgerald was interrupted by Dolly who, blushing scarlet, her eyes flashing, declared positively :--

"Never ! uncle, I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth—and as for money, I wouldn't give one hair of Jack's head for all the gold Mr. Eastman ever dreamed of."

That was conclusive. However, Mr. Fitzgerald continued the conversation and strange to say, at the end of ten minutes he had yielded so far as to promise Dolly that if inside of a year and a half Mr. Darrell could show him a bank account to the amount of ten thousand dollars he would no longer oppose them.

This was indeed decidedly pleasant, so on the following evening, just as a radiant full moon poured its molten silver out upon the silent expanses of the beautiful Bay of Quinte and its hundred lovely hills, we found Jack and Dolly standing at the water's edge, sometimes conversing in low tones, at others, dreaming.

Jack had told her what he proposed doing. Possessing a literary talent of a high order of merit, he had decided, suddenly, to write a book. Why, there were M—, and B—, and L—, and several other journalists, friends of his, who would be only too glad to assist him in the publication of it. And if he chose a popular style of story and had the book properly managed, there was no doubt of its bringing him at least the stipulated dollars.

During one of his fishing excursions down the bay one morning not long after his arrival at Glen Island, he had overheard some yachtsmen down in Prinyer's Cove talking of some old fishermen at Smith's Bay, near a post office called Waupoos, who had told them a strange story of some queer islands out in the lake on which were sailors' graves, each one having a rattlesnake in it. This interested him at the time, and he had even then wished to investigate the matter but could find no one who cared to venture out with him to these islands, the False Ducks, a dangerous mass of rocks and sand with a few trees, lying out in Lake Ontario off Timber Island.

However, he had now decided to find his way out to this little post office at Smith's Bay, an inlet of Lake Ontario in the region of the islands, learn what he could of the mysterious story and see if he could induce one or more of the hardy fishermen to run out with him to the Ducks.

"Dolly," he said at last, desperately, taking one of her warm, little white hands in both his strong sun-browned ones, now that the moment had come to say goodby, "Dolly, promise me you'll be true a year—one year, and I'll return, with money enough to satisfy your uncle, and make you my wife. Dolly, I swear it! Tell me, will you be true to me?"

"Yes—always," was Dolly's reply, and thus they parted, he paddling off in the moonlight to Glenora, she watching him until lost in the shadows of the opposite shore.

Meanwhile Mr. Fitzgerald was patting himself on the shoulder, so to speak.

"Didn't I work up a clever scheme! As if gold is to be picked up 'ten thousand' at a time! And anyway, who ever hears of lovers being true now-a-days for even six months, never seeing or hearing from each other. Ha, ha, ha! And we'll leave this place immediately—hate to, though, for I've had the jolliest time here fishing and sailing I've ever had in my life, except when I was a young "beggar" on the old mill-pond at home. But Dolly must go—she would dream too much here about Darrell and that would never do! We'll go south now, and

by and by when he doesn't return at the appointed time, and he is certain not to, if she begins to grow pale and lose her appetite I'll take her to Europe, an ocean voyage will cure her, sure."

So, arrangements were made for their departure south on the morrow. And now let us follow Darrell.

Staying over night at the hotel at Glenora, he was up before sunrise the next morning, and taking a last look perhaps forever from the brow of the great hill, at the beautiful island still wrapt in shadows, drove off through the quiet farmlands of the beautiful township of North Marysburgh. Not a sound was heard save an occasional bird singing, or the deep growl or barking of a farmer's dog as he passed quickly by, and not long after sunrise having had a very pleasant drive, this being about the finest road in the county, he arrived at the shore where he found the fishermen astir hauling in their heavy nets and disposing of the fish, of which they had caught a great number.

He had come here ostensibly to fish and the man who had brought him out, introduced him to several of the better class of fishermen one of whom insisted on his making himself "to home" at his shanty, as there was no inn in the neighborhood. This suited Darrell exactly, so he had his traps stowed away in a snug corner and sent his man back to Glenora with orders to return for him at the end of a week.

At the close of the day, after having fished along the shore in limpid blue-green waters since morning, and strolled through sweet-scented fields and cool, wooded places, he joined the fishermen in their usual evening smoke, and telling of tales, while one after another they recited strange adventures and legends, each endeavoring to tell some story of more interest to Darrell than had been the preceding ones.

They were sitting in a circle on big stones and a couple of rude wooden seats, and all this time there was one among them, a middle-aged man, who had not yet spoken a word. He sat on a low, flat stone, close to the shore, his hat was off showing a mass of black wavy hair, his coat also had been thrown aside; there was a rent in his old coarse cotton shirt, on the shoulder, and one could see where the sun had burned a deep red spot on his flesh which was almost snow-white. Occasionally he blew smoke-wreaths from between his red lips, and only at such times did he take his eyes off the distant lake; and by and by when the last story was nearly ended, he deliberately emptied the hot ashes out of his pipe, took from one of his pockets a black bit of cotton, wiped the inside of his pipe well with this, and then fitting the bowl of it onto the end of one of his fingers turned it slowly round and round by its stem. Presently a dead silence fell on the grotesque circle. They seemed to be waiting for some one to speak. Soon the man sitting near the shore shuffled around and

took a position on the other side of the stone facing his companions, and began speaking in a full, clear voice, his hands locked together about one knee :—

“Durin’ the war of 1812 at the time the English were blockadin’ Oswego, a corvette havin’ in charge a big sum of gold to pay their soldiers, was cut loose by the enemy one howlin’ night and bein’ driven out beyond all hope of shelter, met with one mishap after another. At length the crew mutinied, the spirit-room was broken into and at sunrise on the second day she was nothin’ better than kindlin’ wood on the treacherous shore of the False Ducks, where more than one poor, storm-driven “sinner” has since that time been pounded into bits. Those of the crew yet livin’ buried the dead ‘uns in sandy spots on the island where they had been wrecked, and then followed a miserable time ; there was nothin’ to eat and soon the rest of ‘em died, the bones of the last ‘un bein’ left above ground to bleach out in the sun.

Several years later on, an English gentleman, a brother of one of the sailors on the smashed-up corvette, havin’ learned the partic’lars of the disaster came out to Canada and visited this island hopin’ to be able to find his brother’s bones and take ‘em home with him to England. But this was not to be, for on openin’ one of the graves, which were quite shallow, just close to the corpse they came upon an old rattle-snake, which, had it not been for a quick and well aimed blow from the the sailor’s spade, would have cost the Englishmen his life. They then hauled over the corpse, which had been, before being buried, wrapped up in tarpaulin, but there was no way of tellin’ who it was, even had it been the one they were lookin’ for, so they gave up the search and quitted the island that very same day. The graves, there are about seven of ‘em, have since then never been opened, even sailors and fishermen not venturin’ to touch ‘em.” Here he paused—not a man among them spoke, so he continued :

“It is a wild place out there and desolate enough on fair days. But just you wait till a tearin’ sou’ wester is aboard if you want to hear some tall howlin’. The gulls come in a-screamin’, the wind shrieks like as if it had a hunderd murders in it, and the foam spurts up like young volcanoes. I tell you what, I was storm-stayed meself out there one whole day and night, and I know what it’s like—yes, sir-ee ! Good lor’ I wouldn’t be out there again on them islands one minute in the dark for all the gold that English corvette ever had onto her. Why, I never slept one wink of real sleep, and was dead tired too, but everytime I closed me eyes, the lean ghosts of them dead men rattled their old dry bones in me ears till I hopped up, and a big rattle-snake did his level best to strangle me. No, sir-ee ! I’ve had enough of them islands to last me, me life—that I have.”

Having concluded now, he re-filled his pipe, lighted it and strolled leisurely up and down the shore. Presently Darrell joined him, for a moment only, as he did not like to attract the attention of the others to the great interest he already felt

in this strange man; so he merely appointed a meeting somewhere along the shore on the following morning where they could talk unmolested, for this was the very story he had come out here to take notes on, and there were some important points on which he wished further information.

In due course of time, the appointed hour arrived and while they talked together in a secluded spot near where a little silver stream dropped down over bright pebbles into the lake, it suddenly occurred to Darrell: Why not take a run out to the Ducks some fine day, examine the graves, and get a correct idea of the place generally. So he proposed it to his companion, who was known to the people round where he lived, simply as, Old Michael, though why he was so designated Darrell wondered, for besides being not yet more than forty years of age, he was a remarkably well-preserved and fresh-looking fellow.

Darrell also suggested that he accompany him, expecting of course, an instant refusal. But, right gladly was he surprised when Old Michael turning to him in his own peculiar way, his hands held, one in the other behind him, his head slightly inclined on one side, replied:—

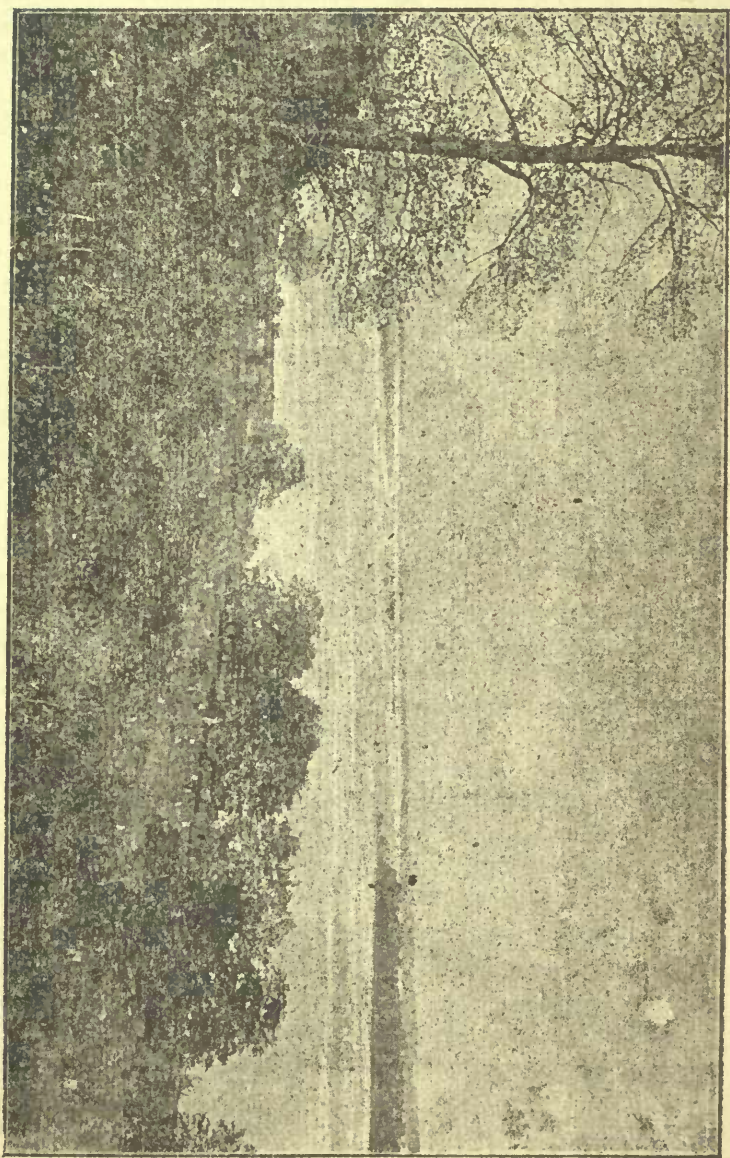
“Yes, I will, Mr. Darrell. I kind o’ took a sort o’ fancy to you the minute I set my eyes onto your face, and I’d go with you anywhere, even out to them Ducks, that I would—providin’ we won’t be there at night.”

So it was agreed that, as the weather promised fair they would set out after noon the next day, spend the night at Timber Island and run out to the Ducks the following morning.

Darrell impatient to be off, to know that every puff of wind wafted him so much nearer that strange shore he was so eager to see, scarce knew how to employ the intervening time.

After fishing awhile, he threw down his rod—what was the good of spending his time this way? He was absent-minded, jerking his line oftentimes before the fish had quite reached the bait. At one moment he was on the islands, and examining the graves, then his book was published, it was a success, and now he was on his way back to Dolly wondering how glad she would be to see him. So he left off fishing, and hunting up one of his note-books spent the remainder of the day making a rough sketch of his book.

When next we see him he has set sail with Old Michael off the north shore of Smith’s Bay, which by the way is one of the most delightful, sheltered reaches of water about Prince Edward County. At its head, the bay runs round somewhat like a half-circle with pretty indentations along its flat, grassy, sand shore, and looking down from the high land on the north one can see beneath its limpid waters many a clear space of bright sand almost white in a dark framework of green weeds. To-day there was not much wind on the bay and they



FROM A NEGATIVE.

Smith Bay.

BY W. F. JOHNSON.

crept along for a little time until emerging from the lee of Waupoos Island, they caught a fresh breeze blowing south-west, and took a straight tack heading for Timber Island some 10 miles from their starting point. The run out was a delightful one, and while sailing thus pleasantly onward, the wind singing about the sails, the waves breaking against the boat's prow with that ceaseless splashing sound so full of music to a sailor's ears, and the sun shining bright for miles on miles about them, Darrell was contemplating another visit to Glen Island next summer and a sail round into Smith's Bay—only Dolly would be with him then, and instead of this common fishing-boat, they would have a fine yacht, with a cabin; or, perhaps, a small steam-yacht. Thus did Darrell dream, like many another so given to optimism. It is true there are those who find happiness mostly in dreams.

The weather still continuing fair with no sign yet of a change, they sailed on out the next morning at sunrise to the False Ducks which lie about a mile and a half off Timber Island. The island itself at the Ducks is a small one with a few trees growing on it, and rank, wild grasses. The shore is rocky in some places and gravelly or drifted with sand in others, and near the island are various piles of great rocks and gravel and sand, some below or just reaching to the surface of the lake, others forming small rugged islands, making the spot an exceedingly dangerous one for vessels passing near in time of storms.

Darrell was out of the boat the moment they touched the shore, Old Michael following close at his heels and drawing up the boat on a gravelly spot between two great stones. Darrell had brought with him a spade that he might examine one or more of the graves, also a chisel and a hammer, and these he took from the boat and placed for the time being, under the edge of a huge rock. Then looking again at the boat to make sure there was no danger of its getting away they began a careful search over the island for the graves, Old Michael never allowing the distance between himself and Darrell to become greater than thirty-six inches. The lighthouse keeper had started for Smith's Bay before daylight, and they were alone in this wild spot, miles away from any human being.

Slowly following the shore all the way round to the southern portion of the island, a small rattle-snake having crossed their path in one place and slipped away into a heap of stones, (there are a number of these venomous reptiles about the place), watching closely here, at last they came upon several slightly raised patches of gravel and sand, and now Old Michael kept very close to Darrell, who, marking the spot well, went on round to the boat, got his spade and, leaving behind him the fisherman whom nothing could induce to accompany him, returned alone to the graves. Two of them were side by side; a solitary one lay off on the left and the others were scattered on the right. Darrell, after a moment's contemplation, began digging into one of the latter, and after some hard work, for the sand and gravel had been well beaten down by the storms of

more than half a century, he came upon some bones crumbling into dust. There had been no coffin and the tarpaulin in which the sailor had been buried, had long ago ceased to be any protection against the ravages of Time.

Shovelling in the earth and packing it down as well as he could, he next went to the isolated one on the left, and, digging slowly now, for he was somewhat tired, he came eventually upon the remains of a rude wooden coffin, and presently, in clearing away the decayed mass of wood from the bones which it covered, his spade struck against some bit of metal. Picking it out quickly he found it to be a small steel case; what it had been fashioned for originally it would be impossible to say. However Darrell opened it and to his astonishment found in it a bit of yellow paper folded in tin-foil, having writing on the inside of it which was still quite legible. He had dropped his spade and was sitting on the edge of the grave, fairly trembling now with excitement, his feet almost touching the crumbling bones beneath—in each of the graves he had found the skeleton of a rattel-snake, the reptiles having long since ceased to keep watch over the mouldering dead within.

And this is what had been written apparently with a charred point of wood, a few words only, telling how they had managed to save from the lake the chest containing the soldiers' pay, and, following it, a description of the spot where it had been concealed, with directions how to find it:

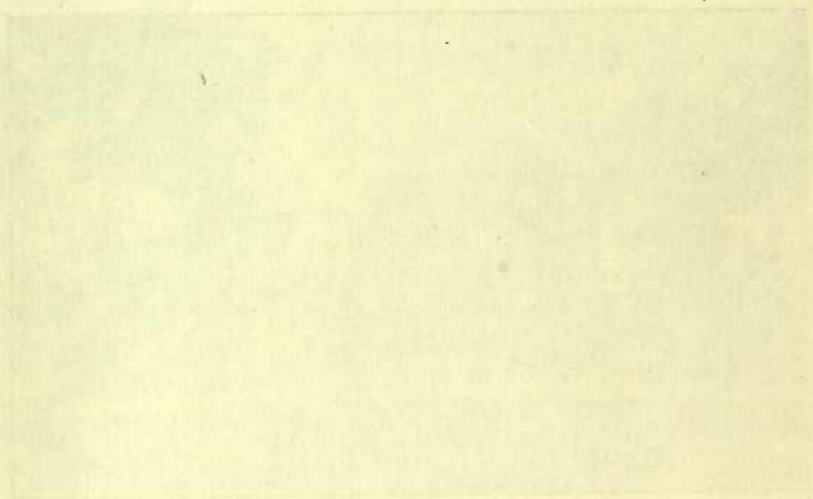
"Starting out from two large stones of equal size lying side by side on the south shore go north to a stunted oak tree—now turn to the left by a rocky ridge pass on the right of a gravelly hollow and go on to some big flat stones—the chest is under the middle one."

Of course the markings were more or less altered, yet in the course of an hour he came upon a spot answering pretty accurately to the description of the place where the gold was buried, and turning aside several of the stones, began digging under the centre one.

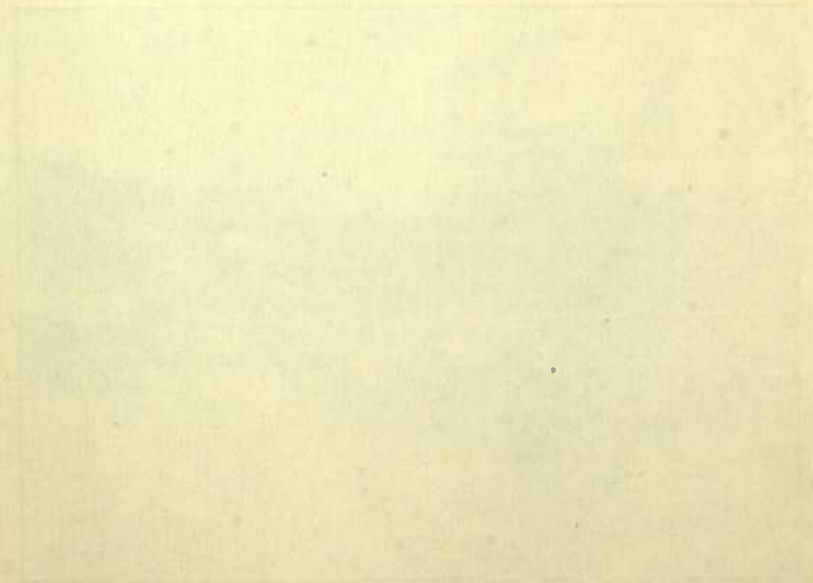
Darrell was fascinated. He worked quickly now, excitement lending him strength. What he dug out consisted chiefly of gravel and sand with an occasional smooth stone, and he had reached a depth of about fifteen inches, when presently his spade seemed to go in easily, touch against something which felt like metal and slide on; and he lifted it carefully, the top gravel and sand falling aside and leaving on his spade a mixture of sand, fine gravel, and mouldy bits of wood.

And was it na illusion? What were these?

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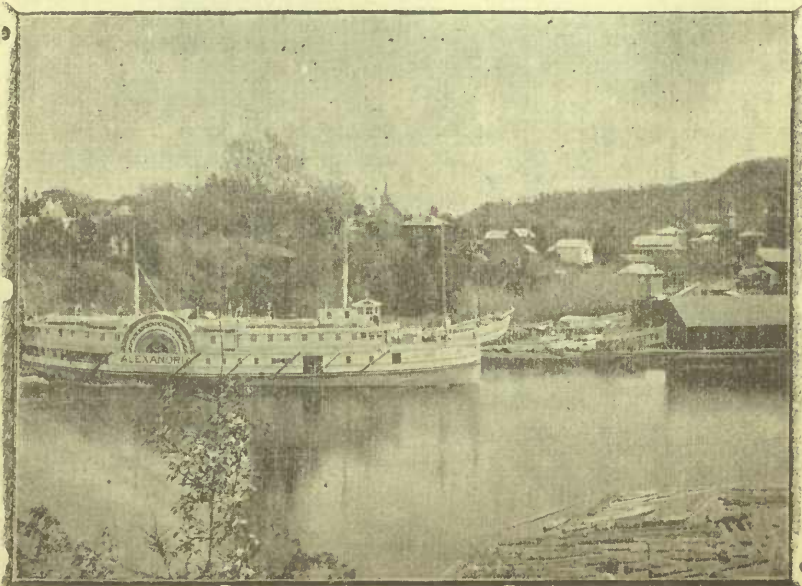




FROM A NEGATIVE.

Villeneuve House

BY W. F. JOHNSON.



FROM A NEGATIVE.

The Alexandria in Picton Harbor.

BY W. F. JOHNSON.

From Charlotte to Montreal on the Alexandria.

PROBABLY the finest trip in the world is this across Lake Ontario, through the beautiful Murray Canal, and Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario again, and down the grand St. Lawrence River.

The Steamer Alexandria leaves Charlotte every Sunday evening at 7-30 p. m., arrives at Picton, via Murray Canal, Monday at 11 a. m. and at 2 p. m. leaves for Montreal calling at Kingston, (taking a charming route through the 1000 Islands) Brockville, Prescott and other intermediate ports, running all the rapids. The following is an excellent description in the New York Central Guide of a ride through these delightful rapids :

THE FINEST TRIP IN THE WORLD.

“About five miles below Prescott the head of the first of the famous rapids—the Gallops—is reached. It is not as violent as those which are encountered later, but it prepares the tourist to pass the next rapids, which are much more formidable, with more confidence. The next rapid is the

LONG SAULT,

nine miles long. The steamer, after fully entering this rapid, rushes along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the steam is shut off, and she is carried down by the force of the current alone. The surging waters present all the appearance of the ocean in a storm, and the effect is not unlike the pitching and tossing at sea. This going down-hill by water produces a highly novel sensation. After passing several towns we reach the

COTEAU RAPID,

a very fine rapid, two miles in length, and in some portions the current is very swift. Seven miles lower down we enter the

CEDAR RAPID.

Once the steamer has entered this rapid the turbulent waters and pitching about

render the passage very exciting. There is also a peculiar motion of the vessel which seems like settling down, as she glides from one ledge to another. Then comes the

SPLIT ROCK,

so called from its enormous boulders at the entrance. A person unacquainted with the navigation of these rapids will almost involuntarily hold his breath until this ledge, which is distinctly seen from the deck of the steamer, is passed. At one time the vessel seems to be running directly upon it; but just when you might expect to feel the crash of rending timbers, the dividing current catches the vessel under her forefoot, a skillful hand at the helm watches, she keels down under the shock. In an instant her bow is swept in a new direction, and the rock is passed in safety. We now come to the last of this series of rapids, called the

CASCADE RAPID.

This is a very fine rapid. It is the most remarkable on account of its numerous white crests, foaming on top of the darkish waters, through which the vessel passes. After passing the Cascades the river again widens into Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa, by one of its branches, joins the St. Lawrence. This series of four rapids are eleven miles in extent, and have a descent of eighty-two and one-half feet. On this lake the tourist from the deck of the the steamer has a magnificent view of the Montreal Mountain, about thirty miles distant. After passing through this lake Lachine is reached. It is nine miles from Montreal, with which it is connected by railroad. It derives its name from the first settlers, who, when they reached this point thought they had discovered the passage which would lead them to China. The Lachine Rapids begin just below the village. On the opposite side stands

CAUGHNAWAGA,

an Indian village, lying on the south bank of the river near the entrance of the Lachine Rapids, and derives its name from the converted Indians, who were called Caughnawaga, or praying Indians. Shortly after leaving this Indian village, the tourist can contemplate the new magnificent bridge recently constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and spanning for the second time the mighty River St. Lawrence. It is built on the most recent scientific principles, and resembles the great International Railway Bridge at Niagara. The steamer now glides down the rapid stream with increasing swiftness, which clearly denotes that a formidable rapid is ahead. Stillness reigns on board. Away goes the steamer, driven by an irresistible current, which soon carries her to the first pitch of the

LACHINE RAPIDS,

the most formidable of them all, the most difficult of navigation, and the last of the rapids. The steamer, after emerging from its first pitch, arises upon the surging billows, flanked by rocks on each side, steers straight in the swift current. The grandeur and magnitude of the scenes around on all sides inspire silence. The steamer now comes in full view of one of the greatest wonders of the age—the Victoria Bridge—spanning the noble St. Lawrence, two miles long, one of the longest, the largest and most costly bridges in the world. The scene while passing under, looking up from the deck of the steamer, is magnificent. After passing this beautiful work of engineering skill, the tourist has the splendid panorama of the elegant city of Montreal right before him.

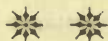
MONTREAL

is the most cosmopolitan city of Canada. A single day's stop at any of the hotels affords time to drive through the park upon Mount Royal, which rises above the city ; to visit the splendid Cathedral, the Gray Nunnery, the Provincial Churches, Bonsecours Market, and the bright stores along St. James street.

The distance to Quebec by rail is 173 miles, or six-and-a-half hours' ride.

QUEBEC

is undoubtedly the most picturesque city, not only of Canada, but anywhere north of Mexico. The lower town is ranged upon a narrow beach along the shores of the broad St. Lawrence, and is largely made up of shops and warehouses. The upper city is encircled by a heavy wall, pierced by picturesque gateways in feudal fashion. The hotels, fine residences, churches and shops are all within the walls. Dufferin Terrace, the great promenade, commands a magnificent view of the scene below. Still higher is the great promontory, crowned by the citadel. A favorite drive is down the Beauport Road to the Falls of Montmorenci, and another excursion is to the famous Plains of Abraham.



Picton and Mountain Park.

PICTON, in fact the whole of Prince Edward County, is one of the most favored spots on the globe. Its people are wealthy, cases of extreme poverty being rare ; and, lying as it does off the main line of Railroad (yet so easy of access to it) one very rarely, if ever, hears of a "tramp," while cases of serious crime occur only at long intervals.

The Town is a progressive one. On the outskirts are two large Canning Factories for fruit and vegetables produced in the County, having markets in all directions abroad ; an extensive Wire Fencing Factory ; a Lumber Mill ; Furniture Factories ; Carriage Establishments ; Soap Factory ; several large Seed Houses ; a Foundry and a Barrel Factory.

South of the Town is a magnificent hill, where is situated Mountain Park, and below this on the right, a very beautiful and picturesque Cemetery—Glenwood ; also, a Roman Catholic Cemetery—Olivet—adjoining it ; while on the north is an Agricultural Park, a fine Race-course, and a Crystal Palace.

On Main Street we have a branch of the Bank of Montreal—R. J. B. Crombie, Esq., Manager ; also, one of the Standard Bank—W. T. Shannon, Esq., Manager. And besides these are several first-class Dry Goods' shops and Drug Stores.

Two first-class newspapers are circulated weekly at home and abroad—The Picton Gazette, published by S. M. Conger & Bro., Esquires ; and the Picton Times, by J. W. McLean, Esq.

A number of handsome residences and beautiful lawns are to be found in and around the town and in other parts of the county, and far and near are magnificent drives, unexcelled, if equalled, anywhere outside of Prince Edward County.

A Railroad will shortly be built from Picton direct to the Sand Banks.

In Picton, at the Sand Banks, Glenora and Glen Island, Wellington, etc., are fine, comfortable Hotels and summer cottages ; and everywhere along the shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinte and the numerous other bays about Prince Edward County are delightful spots for camping, and at times many white tents are to be seen near the water's edge in various places.

Fishing tackle of all varieties to be had in town. See advertisement pages.

MOUNTAIN PARK.

Beginning well back on a high hill (commonly known as Macaulay's Hill,) our magnificent and extensive Mountain Park runs to the verge of the beautifully wooded descent, and thence down to the edge of the Town.

All manner of trees and plants thrive here, Prince Edward County possessing, it is said, about three quarters of the varieties of flora found in the Dominion of Canada. The rare and beautiful *Daphne* grows in several localities, and of the innumerable flowers blooming in our woods and meadows, the following are a few of our most common ones : *Hepaticas* : pink, blue, purple, red (rare) and white—last spring I found a fine plant having twenty-six large, snow-white blossoms all in fresh, full bloom : white and red *Trilliums* ; yellow dog's-tooth *Violets* ; *Phlox* ; May-apples ; *Daisies* ; Red *Columbine* ; Wild *Roses* ; *Anemones* ; *Gen-tians* ; Sweet-brier *Roses* ; *Blue-bells* ; *Butter-cups* and *Golden-rod*.

Ferns of several varieties, including the Maiden's Hair, are common—one species growing in luxuriant clusters to a height of about three feet. *Juniper* bushes are abundant ; and the principal trees are the *Maple*, *Elm*, *Oak*, *Beech*, *Bass-wood*, *Willow*, *Iron-wood*, *Poplar*, *Ash*, *Birch*, *Sumach* ; *Hickory-nut*, *Butternut* and *Hazel* ; *Pine*, *Cedar*, *Hemlock*, *Spruce*, and *Tamarac*, or *American Larch*.

MOTHS, BUTTERFLIES, ETC.

In and around the Town and throughout the county are to be found countless numbers of insects of all varieties and sizes—among the moths the four largest ones : the *Cecropia*, *Polypheme*, *Luna* and *Promethea*, each possessing rare beauty. Also, the *Hawk Moth*, or five-spotted *Sphinx*, and *Humming-bird Sphinx* ; *Virgin Tiger* ; *White Miller* ; *Rusty Vapor* ; and a number of very handsome *Catocalas* ; among these, several with grey-mottled fore-wings, the under-wings banded with a brilliant red and black, or black and yellow.

Among the butterflies the more common ones are the *Philodice*, *Berenice*, *Thistle*, and *Admiral* ; the *Asterias* and *Tiger Swallow Tail*, and the *Mourning Cloak*. I have also found the *Golden C.*, and a beautiful species of the *Argynnis* or *Mother-of-Pearl Butterflies* ; also numerous *Plebeians*.

Besides these are a vast number of *Beetles*, *Bugs*, net-winged and various other insects, some handsome *Capricorns*, the red-spotted *Caterpillar-hunter*, and the *Leaf-Eaters*, one of the most beautiful of these being the *Gilded Dandy*.—Also, the *Walking Stick* and the *Lyreman*.

H. M. M.

The Cruise of the Dolphin.

IN July, 1891, the writer had the pleasure of taking a cruise around Prince Edward County in the yacht Dolphin. The Dolphin is a well and strongly built sloop-rigged, centre-board yacht. She measures 33 feet over all, and 10 feet beam ; carries main-sail, stay-sail, jib, and top-sail, and has a commodious and comfortable cabin with convenient cooking and sleeping arrangements.

On the cruise referred to I had the honor of being captain, my crew consisting of the following young men who readily accepted my invitation to accompany me and who were duly assigned duties respectively as follows :

Sailing Master and Artist in Water Colors—E. B. M.

Mate and Director of Sports—M. C.

Chaplain and Photographic Artist—C. H. B.

Physician and Maitre de Cuisine—F. M.

(my brother)
(P. Morley—Charlie)
(a Cousin)
(son & a doctor)
Call above are dead

The Cook who was much of the time regarded as the most important personage of all was composed of (1) the Maitre de Cuisine, (2) the Mate, (3) the Sailing Master, and (4) the Chaplain. This combination was soon found to be necessary, the cooking being done by sets of two at a time. The appetites of the crew under the stimulus of fresh air taken in daily and abundant doses, combined with much exercise of sufficiently varied character, quickly became matters of such importance as to demand an almost constant attention, so that if the duty of preparing the food for the stomachs of all had been allotted to one, the poor fellow would probably have deserted and swum ashore in sheer desperation.

For the history of the voyage I find it convenient to supplement what I remember by resorting to the log of the Dolphin. This I fear was not kept in quite the orthodox fashion. It is true the writer, as Captain, made the ordinary entries daily as to weather, courses and distance covered, or points reached or passed, but the other officers at the Captain's request also made contributions of their independent opinions of matters and things, or comments on the events of the cruise. No attempt has been made to present any of the material supplied by the log in finished literary dress. The matter therein was generally written under such circumstances as to preclude any serious effort at literary adornment, or propriety of style, and it has been thought best where quotations have been made therefrom, not to make any attempt at "improvement," the chief aim being to here present a truthful narrative, fully assured that nothing further will

be necessary to convince any of my readers not already familiar with the localities and scenery referred to, of the great treat in store for any who may be wise or fortunate enough to verify this history by their own personal experience.

On the 8th day of July, 1891, we "weighed anchor" by untying the rope that held our yacht to the buoy in Picton Harbor, and to be accurate, the Dolphin swung off to the wind at 11:30 a. m., and forthwith was commenced the process of beating out, the wind being northerly to north-westerly, and "light and baffling" according to the log. This process under such circumstances is somewhat tedious, the inner harbor being rather narrow, and the banks on the westerly side high and precipitous, causing at times varying currents of wind differing materially from the direction of the wind outside.

At length we passed through the narrows at Chimney Point and soon were in the broad bay and on the "bounding billows." The breeze freshened up, the weather was fine and all hearts were light, our pulses bounding with the billows. This bay may be called the outer harbor; it is much more capacious than the inner, and the water generally of good depth. Perhaps not the whole British Navy, but I think I would be safe in saying the whole American Navy could here with ease ride at anchor, and the smallest Lake Ontario vessels, at anchor here, would be quite safe in the worst storm that ever visits these waters.

The scenery along this part of the Bay of Quinte is exceptionally beautiful. From beginning to end this bay abounds in scenes of varied and picturesque loveliness and to anyone duly appreciative of such exquisite bits of fine scenery, where land and water may be said to vie with each other in adding charms, and producing scenes outrivalling fabled fairyland, it is worth coming across the ocean, aye, from the ends of the earth to see and enjoy. I may here be thought a little too enthusiastic over this matter, but I really think it would be impossible for me by any picture I have the power to draw to do anything like complete justice to our beautiful and far-famed Bay of Quinte. It has to be seen to be appreciated, and after that

"None know it but to love it,
Nor name it but to praise."

And now to return to our voyage. As our yacht sped along at the behest of the favoring breeze our lady guests (I forgot before to mention that we were honored by the presence of several young ladies who were to accompany us a short distance intending to return home on one of the bay steamers) our lady guests seemed to feel the inspiration of the occasion and favored us with some beautiful songs in which they were joined by some of the crew, the voices being accompanied by violin and banjo. There is nothing like a sail over the sparkling waters to cheer and enliven the spirits and enable one to throw dull care to the

winds.

Yachting I would place at the very head and pinnacle of out-door amusements, indeed I think it something more than amusement. In Great Britain has it especially been found an important means of education in matters which may be said to be intimately connected with the very life of the nation. And one of ordinary observation can scarcely have failed to notice in our young Canadians that same love of adventure, that fearless encounter and keen enjoyment in the wild warfare with wind and wave that have for so many centuries characterized the denizens of the British Isles, and made them masters of the Ocean world. And therefore it seems to me that this amusement should be encouraged and fostered in all reasonable ways by all who hope for a future of vigor, strength and enduring greatness for the Canadian nation.

I think I said we left our buoy in Picton Harbor at 11:30 a. m. At about 1:45 p. m. we cast anchor in a very pretty cove in the High Shore nearly opposite Thompson's Point. Here we were completely sheltered from the wind and soon were enjoying our first lunch on board. Thompson's Point is on the southerly side of the entrance from the Long Reach into Hay Bay. This bay in "old times" was a paradise for sportsmen, even now it is holding its own, well, as compared with other resorts for game and fish. It has been much frequented for several years past by some gentlemen from the U. S., who have been fortunate enough to find it out. Many maskinonge from 20 to 30 and even 40 lbs. have been taken, and bass, pike, pickerel, and smaller fish in abundance. Also ducks of several varieties, and woodcock and snipe frequent the bay, and the extensive marsh at the northerly end of it at the proper season. After lunch we all went on shore and enjoyed a pleasant ramble through the shady woods, and after resting awhile in a beautiful glade whence we could survey at our leisure the panoramic scene spread out before us, we returned to our yacht and again set sail, proceeding on our way up the Reach. The Long Reach is a strip of water varying in width from three or four hundred yards to half a mile, and connecting the bay at Deseronto, formerly called Mohawk Bay, with the broad bay between Glenora and Thompson's Point, formerly called Grand Bay. The banks bounding the Long Reach on either side are in many places high and precipitous. As the Long Reach is entered from the southerly, a magnificent vista opens up, the village of Deseronto being in fine weather visible in the distance. As you advance, a series of bluffs or headlands on the left comes gradually into view. The picture thus presented is rarely equalled. One who, from the deck of a steamer as she takes her steady way up through the centre of the Reach, observes bluff after bluff gradually emerge from obscurity and become an important part of the perspective is apt to think of the line :

"Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise"—

It was our intention to meet the Armenia (one of our bay steamers) at Cole's wharf where the girls were to get on board of her to return to Pieton that evening. But the wind having again become light we did not make such progress as we anticipated. We watched the Armenia approaching on her way from Deseronto, until it became evident that with such a breeze as we then had we would not reach the wharf until long after she would have touched and gone. We therefore decided to put the girls in the dingy pitting oars and muscle against steam. Our dingy was in fact a neat and light running row boat with two pairs of oars; the members of the crew detailed for this emergency being M. and B. The oars and muscles won.

We who were left had the pleasure of observing from the motionless deck of the Dolphin, the advent of the girls upon the wharf a full minute or more before the Armenia threw out her ropes. I do not here make any statement as to the exact distances traversed by the steamer and row boat respectively. It does not appear to be necessary to a proper understanding of the story. I have something more interesting to talk about just now. Some sentences back, I made use of the expression: "motionless deck of the Dolphin." I might, perhaps, more aptly have said: the deck of the motionless Dolphin. She was at that time quite stationary. Whether the helmsmen, affected by the general excitement prevalent at the sudden departure of the girls for the steamer, neglected to notice the red buoy, or, noticing it thought he was giving it wide enough berth, or *sic fata ferébant*, as Virgil says, almost immediately after the disembarking of the girls, the Dolphin ran on a shoal. The sails were at once lowered. The bow of the yacht was found to be at least six inches above its normal position. I thought that unless we could get the Armenia to haul us off, we would be safely anchored for the night, as our yacht was quite heavy, besides carrying about three tons of iron ballast and considerable baggage and *impedimenta*.

As the Armenia came past us on her way up with the girls on board, we blew our horn frequently and loudly, lowered our fly to intimate that we were in distress and desired their assistance, and called to the captain with all the force of our lungs, in fact, asking for help in such stentorian tones as we thought should have been heard clear across the Reach; but beyond a couple of "toots" from the steam whistle and the wavings of handkerchiefs by the girls on board, we received no attention whatever. We were left to paddle our own canoe as it were; but it wasn't. It would hardly do either to say we were left to hoe our own row. That might be will enough for a row boat, but the Dolphin would not get along in that way. We were left to our own resources, our opinion of which just then did not seem to elate us. However it will perhaps be seen hereafter, although I say it who &c., our crew were possessed of some qualities that no sailor should be without. Pluck and powers of endurance and a readiness to meet and overcome difficulties,

Upon the return of M. and B. with our dingy, we sent M. and F. ashore to hunt up help. In the meantime we had decided to examine our situation and see what should be done. We shipped the baggage aft, and C. being the tall man of the crew stepped over the side of the yacht into the water and commenced wading around, feeling about the bow of the vessel and examining her much the same as if she were on a dry dock. B., seeing this, was also tempted to leave the stationary deck and take to the water. I confess it somewhat surprised me at first to see my men tread the 'briny deep' with such contempt as to go so carelessly wading around so far from shore. Presently we decided on trying an experiment. C. took the bow on his shoulder, stooping somewhat to do this. B. got his shoulder under one of the side-stays, and I got the pike-pole well planted among some small boulders.

When the word "ready" was given, C. simply straightened up a little, B. surged out a little, and I gave what I thought quite a vigorous, lateral push with the pike-pole, the result being that the stem swung around several feet, and at the same time the yacht slid back toward deep water a foot or more. I then planted my pole upon the opposite side, and the boys braced themselves as before. This time the result following "ready" was very satisfactory. The Dolphin was beautifully launched into deep water, the boys crawling on board by way of the horn just as we bid farewell to the shoal. We had run on a broad, smooth, sloping rock. It was covered with slime, and our vessel escaped without the slightest injury. The satisfaction we experienced at this happy turn of affairs will be readily understood by yachtsmen. We called to our boys on shore to return. They seemed at first scarcely able to understand that we did not require assistance, but quickly were on their way to join us. We then crossed the Reach and were soon safely at anchor in a little cove on the northerly side, where we had supper about nine o'clock.

After that important and pleasing duty had been performed, we brought out some cushions and reclining at ease in various positions around the deck, enjoyed for an hour or more before "turning in," the delights of a balmy summer night.

I am afraid that comparatively few of the human race know what pleasures Nature has in store for those who simply deign to receive them at her hands. The musical ripple of the waters as they break against the sides of the vessel; the soft and dream-like sighing of the night-wind as it gently ruffles the leaves and croons a lullaby as if to soothe the denizens of the forest to sleep; ever and anon the strange and weird cry of birds as they cross the sky far overhead in their nightly and mysterious migrations from clime to clime; the occasional barking of a dog faintly heard in the distance; the lowing of a cow; the silver-toned trilling of a swamp-frog; the frequent and sweetly melancholy song of the whip-poor-will; and the countless other charms for the sense of hearing which nature here lavishes in her concerts of summer nights, accompanied by a brilliant, starry

sky and the peculiar fascination of landscapes, and stretches of glassy water here and there vaguely discernible beneath the mellow radiance of the moon, would almost justify one in imagining himself in some region of enchantment.

I will here venture to quote some lines which seem to me fairly applicable to the matter in hand, and for which I have a fatherly feeling :—

“How calm ! how still ! The forest sleeps :

The zephyrs breathe their softest sighs ;

Enchantment o'er the spirit creeps,

And more than fairy scenes arise ;

For untold glories Nature keeps

To spread upon her midnight skies,

And countless charms o'er Earth she flings,

And dreamy silence conquers all

But rustling of the night birds' wings,

And hum of distant waterfall,

And murmuring of the sleepless streams,

Oh, what in Fancy's fondest dreams

Can picture to the soul a bliss

So calm, so pure, so deep as this !

This world were still an Eden fair

Did not vile man its glory mar ;

But he the being who alone

Of all can feel its beauties rare,

Or taste its joys, alas, too prone

To spurn its blessings, drives a far

The genial influence from his soul ;

While not a star that bright doth smile,

Or planet in its wondrous roll,

Or springing flower, or sparkling stream,

Or warbling bird, or golden gleam

Of sunlight on the wavelet's crest,

But doth to glad his heart conspire,

And light it with devotion's fire

And blesseth him who will be blessed.”

At about 9:30 we left our anchorage, and in about an hour were passing up the

bay between Deseronto and Captain John's Island. The wind was northerly to north-westerly, at times too fresh to carry a top-sail. Our course was about south-westerly, and thus we had fair sailing. Running close-hauled occasionally, and occasionally easing off, we made the upper end of Big Island in one stretch. We ran in behind the island and cast anchor. Here there is a beautiful sheet of water almost wholly enclosed, making a fine harbor for light vessels, though it is rather shallow for boats of large size. The beautiful scenery everywhere observable in this vicinity deserves lengthy description, and would now receive such were it not that I would have to repeat in substance what I have already said about other parts of the Bay of Quinte, and my readers might think it becoming monotonous. There is such a thing as a surfeit of sweets. But perhaps it is not a "bad fault," this superabundance of fine scenery which nature has so liberally bestowed upon all these regions bordering and contiguous to the Bay of Quinte, and which I freely acknowledge my inability to adequately describe.

We remained in this lovely retreat until next day about noon, our time when we were not eating or sleeping being principally spent in rowing about the bay, fishing and bathing in its cool and refreshing waters.

We passed through the Bay of Quinte Bridge (which connects Prince Edward and Hastings counties) about 2 o'clock, afternoon of the 10th July, and cast anchor a short distance west of the bridge, near the Ameliasburgh shore. Some of the crew went over the bridge to Belleville to post some letters to the folks at home, and to get some supplies for the yacht. We weighed anchor about 5 o'clock, and made very fair progress up the Bay until towards 7 o'clock, when, the wind almost dying away we came to anchor on the Hastings shore, off "The Pines." I don't know that any one else calls this "The Pines," but seeing no other grove of this kind of timber anywhere in the vicinity, and none of the natives being at hand to interrogate as to the proper name, if there is any, we thought we could do no better than to bestow upon the place the name above given.

This night, members of the crew began to assist the Captain in the keeping of the log, and here follow some of their entries :—

By F. M.

Friday Night.

This has been a gloriously hot and quiet day. This morning as I was idling along the shore, my fancy travelled back to the time when over this bay glided the canoes of those now long gone to rest, but I was aroused from my reverie by the melodious voice of C. B. crying out : "Say, boys, I've spilled the porridge !"

We are faring sumptuously, but would grow fat if we had the dishes cleaned soon enough to cook more. I also would make a more favorable impression on the country maidens if I had more sleep.



FROM A NEGATIVE.

BY E. B. MERRILL.

THE MURRAY CANAL.



FROM A NEGATIVE.

SMITH BAY.

BY E. B. MERRILL.

I am seriously afraid that C. B. and B. M. will have the gout, and as physician to this crew I would advise them to take exercise.

By M. C.

My observations for the day have been confined to the culinary department in which there is great scope for mathematical research. The attractiveness of this department is in direct ratio with the length of time since the last meal. The admiration for the department is inversely proportioned to the fulness of the crew. Doc's capacity is infinity. B. says he has no desire for anything to eat, but this desire is an infinitesimal of the second order compared to the desire to see nothing left.

By C. B.

There certainly is science in all things. Although at present not so catalogued, dish-washing should be numbered among the sciences, if not its practice with the learned professions. The artist of the party is engaged on shields for two of the principal members of the crew. The approved design will probably be : silver dish-pans on a gold gravy field with dish-cloths and scrapers rampant.

By E. B. M.

The contribution by the sailing master cannot conveniently be here reproduced, consisting as it does of a fine pen and ink picture of our vessel lying at anchor at night with several of the crew on deck, one of whom seems to be intently engaged in lowering towards the bottom of the bay a suspicious looking object attached to a cord. This object is being inspected by various members of the finny tribe who appear to question the propriety of its invasion of their territory, and wonder whether the enclosed fluid has any affinity to that by which they are surrounded.

Under the picture appears this inscription :—

"Wonder what 'ales' the crew to-night?"

By THE CAPTAIN.

Saturday, 11th July.

Had breakfast about 8:30. Put one reef in the main-sail. Wind fresh from the south-westerly. Weighed anchor shortly after 9. Had a fine run up. Got to Trenton Piers at noon. Ran in the harbor and cast anchor. Fine, clear, sunny day—cool and pleasant. The air delightfully bracing. Must be charged with ozone.

We left Trenton shortly after four, and laid our course for the Murray Canal which we reached about 5:35. After some discussion we decided to try a run through. Wind very light, about S. W. Soon it failed us altogether, and there being no tug at hand, our crew had to do their own towing through the canal

which occupied more than two hours, and was a very tedious task. After leaving the canal we entered Presqu' Isle Bay where we anchored for the night.

By F. M.

Saturday Night.

This has been a pretty tough day. We had a long tramp along the canal. M. C. and myself towed the yacht across Presqu' Isle Bay. I am pretty tired, but supper has made me feel better. I note with great pleasure that B. has outgrown his habit of climbing the mast to perform some tedious job just as the meals are ready. I also suggest that we distribute some of C's baggage among the natives, and request that he bring no more sweet oil on board. (N. B. This oil got spilled on some valuable books.)

By M. C.

This has been a delightful day. We walked the whole length of the canal. I pulled the rest of the crew through. They were not in the yacht, but they sat on the tow-rope when I was pulling in front of them. I did not see them there because they always jumped off when I looked around; but I have a "plumbago" the whole length of my spine. I think C. dragged his feet. This was not the delightful part of the day. The delightful part came when C. and B. exchanged the position of dishwasher for that of cook which was formerly held with great warmth by Doc and myself. I don't expect to get any salt in the "grub" during the rest of the cruise. Won't the porridge be burned? Doc and I expect to keep from starving by piecing.

By C. B.

This has been rather a wearying day. Of it all, the canal called for the most exertion. I towed the yacht through the canal, and assisted M. and the Doctor by allowing them to cling to the rope. I see that M. is slightly in error with regard to this part of it, but he really is very tired to-night. We thoughtlessly allowed him to blow some soap bubbles this morning, and it will, we suppose, be some days before he recovers from the extreme physical exhaustion so occasioned.

By THE CAPTAIN.

Sunday, 12th July.

This was a delightful morning, calm and cool. A light breeze sprang up from the S. W. early in the forenoon. About 3 in the afternoon we weighed anchor and sailed for Weller's Bay. On approaching its entrance, the wind having almost died away to a calm, the sandy bottom of the lake (Ontario) as we passed a rug, was distinctly seen at a depth of from ten to twenty feet, or more, the surface of the sand being marked with long parallel ridges of tiny waves, and for an hour or so we passed slowly along continually observing with delight, through the crystal waters, the varying and beautiful sand pictures presented to us from below.

When nearing Bald Head Island we touched bottom several times and had to change our course to the northward, soon finding the proper channel leading into Weller's Bay. We came to anchor near Consecon (a village at the eastern end of Weller's Bay) shortly after 6 o'clock. B., M., and F. went ashore to attend church in Consecon. We lay at anchor here all night.

By M. C,

This has been a very quiet day. We spent the morning in meditation, fishing and dish-water—principally fishing—but Doc. and I in the dish-water. We ate some dinner. We had stewed onions and unstewed salt. That is, the salt forgot to get in the onions till we forcibly injected it after we had all tried a spoonful of the unflavored article at the table. Stewed onions without salt, and stewed salt without onions, all the same thing—both are uneatable,

We had some burned rice-pudding for dessert. It wasn't sunburned either.—You don't notice the burnt taste if you put a small spoonful of it in a large bowl of sugar and milk, and flavor with chow-chow.

We spent a pleasant time at Church in Consecon. The sermon was good and the prayer-meeting well attended—so they say. The thermometer registered 104° in the church ; just 10° lower than the sermon.

By F. M.

This has been a nice day, and I have enjoyed myself very much. I did not sleep very well last night. I went to bed at 11 o'clock—M., B., C. and myself, all slept under the sail—every time we breathed I could feel the sail move. At 12 o'clock, under the sail, the thermometer was about 60° ; at 1 o'clock about 80° ; at 3 o'clock about 90° ; at 5 o'clock 110°, and steadily rising. I fell asleep about 6 o'clock, and at 7 we had breakfast.

We fished this morning. At least they fished and I took the fish off the Judge's hook and baited it. I enjoyed the fishing very much.

After dinner we had a fine sail to Consecon. I couldn't get a good look at the preacher as the pulpit kept sliding all over the front of the church. In fact the whole church was unsteady. As I had no sleep last night I meditated during the sermon, which was about dancing and fighting, I guess. After church C. got us up a fancy supper. At least, he cut the bread in eight pieces, and carved the cheese for us.

By THE CAPTAIN.

Monday, 13th July.

Fine, sunny morning. Light wind, westerly. Reached mouth of Weller's Bay at 9 o'clock. Had to beat considerably to keep clear of the "flats" off Bald Head. Passed by this island at 9:15.

At 12 o'clock, noon, almost cal'm. We are about a mile and a-half westerly

from inner end of Nicholson Island, and a mile or mile and a quarter from shore. All clear, except a few fleecy light clouds. Hazy around the horizon. At 12:30, dead calm, pitching and floating around, but not getting ahead much. Breeze a little better at 2:20. Ran down 4 or 5 miles, the wind getting so light we thought it would be after midnight before we would reach Point Traverse, so we returned to Nicholson Island and anchored near the inner end of it about 5 o'clock.

Went ashore and got some pease, bread, eggs and milk.

Lightning frequently, in the North Westerly, from about 10 to past midnight—a few dark looking clouds there:

By F. M.

Another fine day. We had a fine sail around Bald Head and down the lake.—I washed my stockings this morning. One is now missing. I saw B. have it in the lake. C. has promised to take my picture and I don't know which foot to wear my sock on. I shall have to sit on the ground in a meditative position, with my tapering white fingers locked around my fairy-like ankle.

By M. C.

I am almost too weak to write. I woke up this morning greatly refreshed by the night air I had taken, but not getting anything with which to supplement it at breakfast time, it disagreed with me. Dinner and supper were made up of what wasn't left at breakfast.

By THE CAPTAIN.

Tuesday, 14th July.

Had some music: violin, banjo, and singing, last night—very pleasant. The wind lulled considerably. We dropped down and in around the end of Nicholson Island, finding a much better place to rest. Got the dead swell occasionally even there. According to one of the inhabitants of this island, this is a rather wild and shelterless place in a heavy south-westerly gale. The billows roll down each side of the island, and curving inward meet on the bar with a clash, throwing stones sometimes 50 feet high, and making a spray and mist through which the mainland at times cannot be seen.

Nothing came of the lightning last night. Some heavy clouds in the south-easterly and southerly this morning at 5. At 5:30 they seem to be getting thinner. Light wind about W. Went for a row a little before 6 a. m., up along the westerly coast of the island. Weighed anchor and swung off at 7:12. A little cloudy. Wind very light, southerly or a little west of south.

Wind variable and light, westerly by south-westerly until we were about a mile and a half off West Point at 12 o'clock.

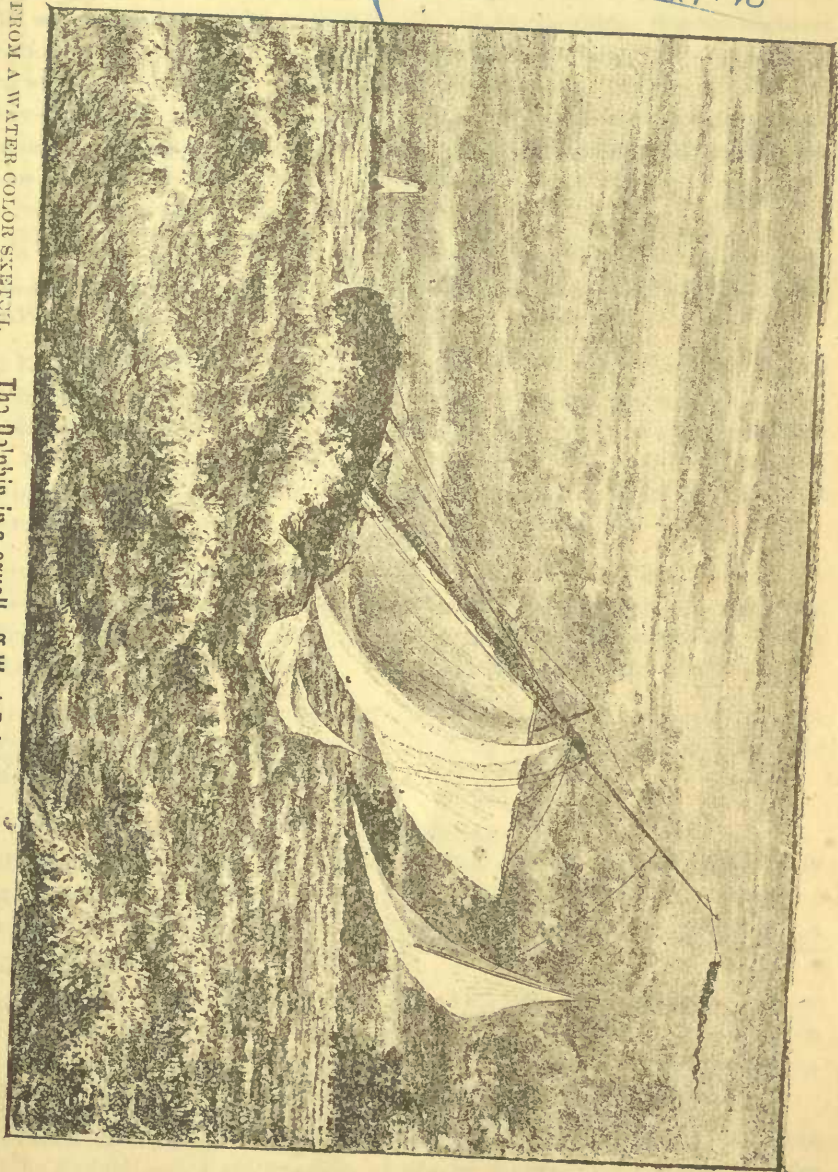
Shortly after this a heavy squall struck us, and the whole lake in a few

one of my father's yachts.
He was "Captain". — *arm*

FROM A WATER COLOR SKETCH.

The Dolphin in a squall off West Point.

BY E. B. METRILL.



minutes was a sea of white-caps.

We were carrying all sail, including top sail at the time. Not the slightest indication of an approaching squall had appeared. Orders: Take in top-sail. Down with jib. Leave stay-sail up. Lower the main-sail. My object in leaving up stay-sail was that we might eat out and avoid a shoal said to extend about two miles out from Point Peter. All orders were attended to promptly, and in less than two minutes we were running under stay-sail alone, and preparing to get three reefs in main-sail, getting off the land nicely.

In a few minutes the billows were rolling high. The main-sail was soon reefed, and we were running down the lake keeping clear of Salmon Point and Point Peter. In about 30 minutes the gale began to abate.

At 12:45 we were opposite Salmon Point, and off Point Peter at 2:20. In the meantime the wind had become light and variable southerly and south-westerly; thunder and lightning in various quarters—clouding up. Rain commenced about 1:30. Heavy rain at 1:40. Now a long run with very light breezes, sometimes dead calm, and taking a tow with row boat. From Point Peter to Point Traverse thus seemed very long, Lots more rain, but very little wind.

Here I must express my admiration of the crew for their prompt and efficient services, and coolness under somewhat novel and trying circumstances, this being the first extended cruise for most of them; and their first experience with a squall of such duration and violence. Their behavior was worthy of old salts.

We reached Point Traverse light (red) at 8:15. Passed in between that point and Timber Island, saw the False Ducks. Ran up along the southerly shore of South Bay, big thunder storm coming on.

By F. M.

(Fred Morden)

This has been an exciting day for me. I had a good night's sleep, probably owing to the light supper I ate. On account of the negligence of the waiter we had no printed Bill of Fare, but I remember it very well, namely: bread, salt, a plate and some mustard.

I was on watch last night from 2 till 3:30. I thought it was going to be something poetical and romantic, all about the stars, dew, etc. But when one sits on a wet oil-cloth in the dark and jerks every time a fish jumps, and thinks how he would swell all up if he were drowned here, the thing loses all its romance.

We had a light breakfast and started down the lake for South Bay. We were struck by a squall and I got sea-sick. I ate no dinner. We had sour milk for supper.

B. deserves great credit for the manner in which he worked the yacht during the squall. Of course we had confidence in our Captain, and expected much from

him, and our expectations were completely fulfilled.

I think that B. is a good sailor but seems to me pretty adventurous. I wish he could cook as well as he can sail.

C. is a good waiter but has to come on deck to count us before meals to see how many plates he needs. He always forgets the number before he sets the table.

BY M. C.

I feel much the same as last night. B. and C. are still surprising us with their cooking. For breakfast they gave us a nice, clean tablecloth flavored with four grease spots. We had it warmed up for dinner and supper.

To appreciate the severity of the squall see Virgil's description of the destruction of the Trojan Fleet. I think the same squall mentioned by Virgil, struck us; but it seems to have gathered a good deal of force during the last few centuries. F. and I are having a good time nagging B. and C. about their cooking. It is almost as good as bass fishing,

BY THE CAPTAIN.

Wednesday, 15th July.

Getting up into the narrows of South Bay at about 1:20, this morning. Thunder and lightning, *ad libitum*, and rain. Just trying to find anchorage in what appears to be a cove. The rain pouring down in torrents, B. and M. forward; B. casting the lead, and M. ready to let go the anchor. F. sounding every minute or so with pike pole, at just before 2 o'clock. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning became very vivid and the thunder loud and continuous. Suddenly a heavy squall, about S. W. by W., came down upon us. I was at the tiller; rounded up just in time to prevent striking. Anchor let go, and jib and main-sail lowered at once. In a few minutes we were safely anchored. Bottom: rock covered with stones in places and some sand here and there. I think we have got very good holding. Dark as Erebus—wind blowing "great guns."

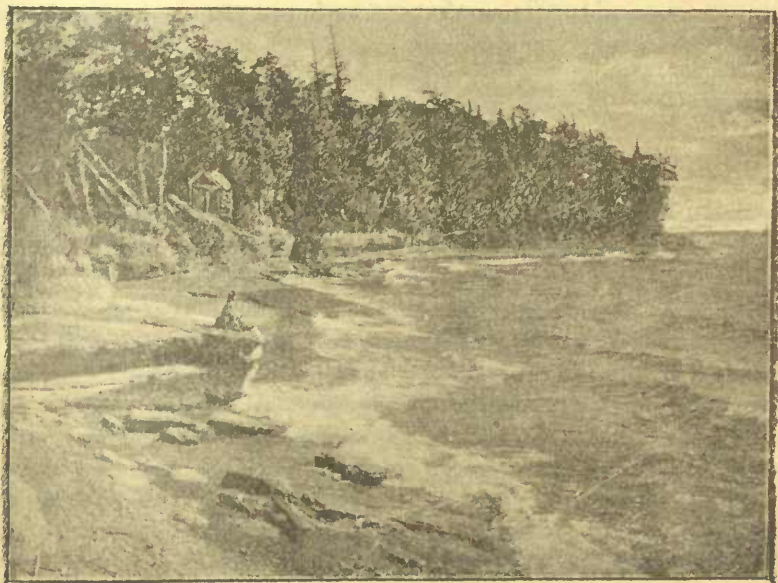
The rain continued to come down in "sheets" almost, for some minutes more till the clothes on most of us were soaked through.

After a short time, having examined the shore as well as we could by the flashes of lightning, and referring to our chart, we decided to drop down a little way into anchorage opposite a broad part of the cove. We had been at the westerly end of it. Put out another anchor, the claw with piece of railroad iron tied along it. We thought it better to have the two anchors as the gale continued very high and we might drag off one into the lake, or, if the wind changed to the easterly or north-easterly be driven on shore.

Here again I must compliment and congratulate the crew upon their seamen-like conduct, and their successful exertions in getting the Dolphin safely moored.



FROM A NEGATIVE. **SAND BANKS.** BY W. F. JOHNSON.



FROM A NEGATIVE.

BY W. F. JOHNSON.

West Point and Rocks, near Lake Shore House, at the Sand Banks.

in black darkness and while the thunder storm was at its height, and the wind a succession of squalls.

I must also say a word for the Dolphin. We have found her to behave most admirably under all circumstances. Neither in the squall on the lake, nor running before the wind, with immense billows rolling, did she ship a sea. Her decks remained dry save for the rain, and except that, when the squall first struck her (with all sail set) she had her lee rail under for a few seconds. She righted beautifully, and weathered the gale most satisfactorily.

This morning at 5:15 the gale is still blowing off the land a little S. of W. Very squally. The anchors held all right, and everything looks beautiful around the bay and lake. At 7 a. m. bright and sunny, sky mostly clear. A schooner sighted going from beyond Waupoos Island, and soon after, two others coming down the lake.

Hanging, spreading clothing, bedding, etc., around the deck and in the rigging to dry. Left anchorage in South Bay at 6 this evening. Run down past Black River and the Bluff and into Smith's Bay. Wind fresh from south-westerly to westerly.

When tacking up into Smith's Bay the wind increased to a heavy gale. Some clouds. Looks like an approaching storm of rain and wind. Got to anchor on westerly side of bay at 7:40 p. m. Almost calm. Had a very pleasant and restful evening. At 10:45, wind appears to be freshening up again. Heavy clouds in the south-westerly. Wind about that direction. Will probably be a big storm to-night.

By F. M.

We have been all night in Smith's Bay. We ran over 50 miles yesterday and had much trouble in finding safe anchorage. I remained on deck till almost 1:30, and as it began to rain and I was of no use on deck, I went below. Just then we were struck by a squall, and it rained very hard; plenty of thunder and lightning. M. and B. managed the yacht well according to the Captain's orders. The rain ran down the windows into the cabin and I placed pails and towels beneath. As the boys were wet, I started a fire and made them some tea. It was a terrible storm. I did not think the Captain was so strong, but I guess he can stand as much as any of us. As we felt a little anxious a watch was kept. C. kept first watch from 3 to 4. I then went on deck and put in two hours. At 6 o'clock the Judge rose and I rowed him ashore. He went for a stroll while I lay upon the beach and had a sleep. I had not an hour's sleep all night. I have had just 10 hours sleep during 4 nights, an average of 2½ hours per night.

M. and I take charge of the cooking to-day while the boys do the washing. I cannot say that I would be particularly anxious to cook were it not that I am afraid of being starved. No danger of gout from their cooking.

Cooking is no snap here. A short description would make it more vivid.

First, there is no circulation of air about the stove. You are supposed to walk along the cabin and steer clear of the table on one side, and the bunks on the other. Then you have to bend for fear of thumping your head against the ceiling, and keep a continual watch below that you do not stumble over some of C.'s baggage. You bend your left side in to keep clear of the table, and your knees the other way so as not to run into the seats. This gives you a graceful motion. You very much resemble the figure 3 built on the bias two different ways. This only takes you as far as the stove.

I defy any man to build a fire in this stove without getting at least five good long pot-black marks along his arms. We wipe these off on the dish towel. After starting the fire, you have to stir the porridge continually with one hand, and with the other set the table, salt the porridge, get the butter, dilute the milk so as to make it go farther, cut the bread, keep the fire going, open fruit, &c.

You cannot possibly cook without a good nose. You have to smell the milk to make sure it is not sour, the butter to see it is not covered with coal oil, and the porridge to see it is not burned, but care must be taken not to blister your nose or it may lose its usefulness. Then there are many other little things to be done, but I think I had better quit now and leave some room for the others.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

Thursday, 16th July.

A delightful morning. Wind moderate, S. W. by W., 8 a. m. Some light streaks of clouds in the easterly horizon. After breakfast M. and F. went up to the marsh and got some frog saddles which we had for dinner.

We rest easily at anchor here in Smith's Bay, a short distance, about a quarter of a mile, from the marsh. Wind howling from the south-westerly. Some white clouds in the sky.

Weighed anchor at 5 p. m. and ran down to a point near the entrance of the bay. Had up the jib alone, and that only part of the time. The wind very high from S. W. Got some bread, butter, milk, pickles and cake.

Bright moonlight night. Wind still pretty fresh from the south-westerly.

Friday, 17th July.

Weighed anchor about 10:15 a. m. Breeze light from southerly, across Waupoos Island. Passing northern end of the island about 10. Wind very light. Timber Island and Point Traverse in sight.

Dead calm at noon. We are yet close off Waupoos Island. A little breeze from north-easterly at 12:25. Passing Green's Island at 1:15, a small heap of sand and boulders. Passed Cape Vesey about 2:30. Tied the tiller while eating

dinner and got along finely. Passing Point Pleasant (Indian) lighthouse at 4:20. Turned the point and began our run up the Bay of Quinte about 4:35 p. m. The Algerian passed up about 5. Passed Prinzer's Cove at 5. Breeze changed to southerly off the land. Came to anchor in a pretty cove near a height of land, where a creek enters the bay. We have had a delightful run from Indian Point. Anchored about 6.

C. began taking photographs of the yacht, crew, &c. Had tea about 7:30. Calm and bright starlight and moonlight to-night. A yacht (sloop-rigged), the Lady Agnes, passed down about 10 p. m. Had violin music on board. We struck up on our violin and banjo.

By F. M.

This will probably be our last night out as we are only about 12 miles from home.

We have just been having some music on deck. I favored the crew with a new song entitled "The lost sheep on the mountain." I am very glad that C. brought his banjo along with him for we have had some good singing from him.

We have been out ten days and I have had a very pleasant time. Of course we have had a couple of days' bad weather, but have had a week's pleasant sailing. I enjoyed most our stay at Big Island, Weller's Bay and Smith's Bay.

I think the other boys have also enjoyed themselves. I hope the Captain has enjoyed himself for he has tried to make things pleasant for us, and has succeeded.

Now, it is possible, but hardly probable, that some other person may read this log. But remember, reader, if such there be, the circumstances under which I have made these entries. The captain has given all the solid information concerning the trip, and the only chance for us was to write little personals. These entries have been written hurriedly so excuse any weaknesses.

By THE CAPTAIN.

Saturday, 18th July.

Was awakened by B. a little before 6 o'clock. A storm coming. Very dark with heavy clouds in the southerly and south-westerly. Commenced to rain about 6. Wind light, southerly. Had breakfast between 7 and 8, und weighed anchor for home at 8:11. Wind southerly. Looks like rain. Had up full main- sail and jib. Stay-sail down. Wind increased to a heavy gale at times. A heavy rain storm struck us before we reached Glenora. Passed there about 9. A little more rain just below Townsend Point. Put up our stay-sail. Some pretty heavy squalls on our way up from the point. Wind still southerly. Reached our buoy just inside of Brick-kiln Point about 10 a. m., without having to come in stays more than once.

And now we bid farewell to the Dolphin, this being our tenth day out.

Rain again between 11 and 12 o'clock, and considerable of it during the afternoon. It is just as well we came up this forenoon.



• Drifting Among the Thousand • Islands.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR (IN THE WEEK).

NEVER a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon
—Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned.

Never a sound but the waves' soft plashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along—
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

The Limestone City.*

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL (KINGSTON).

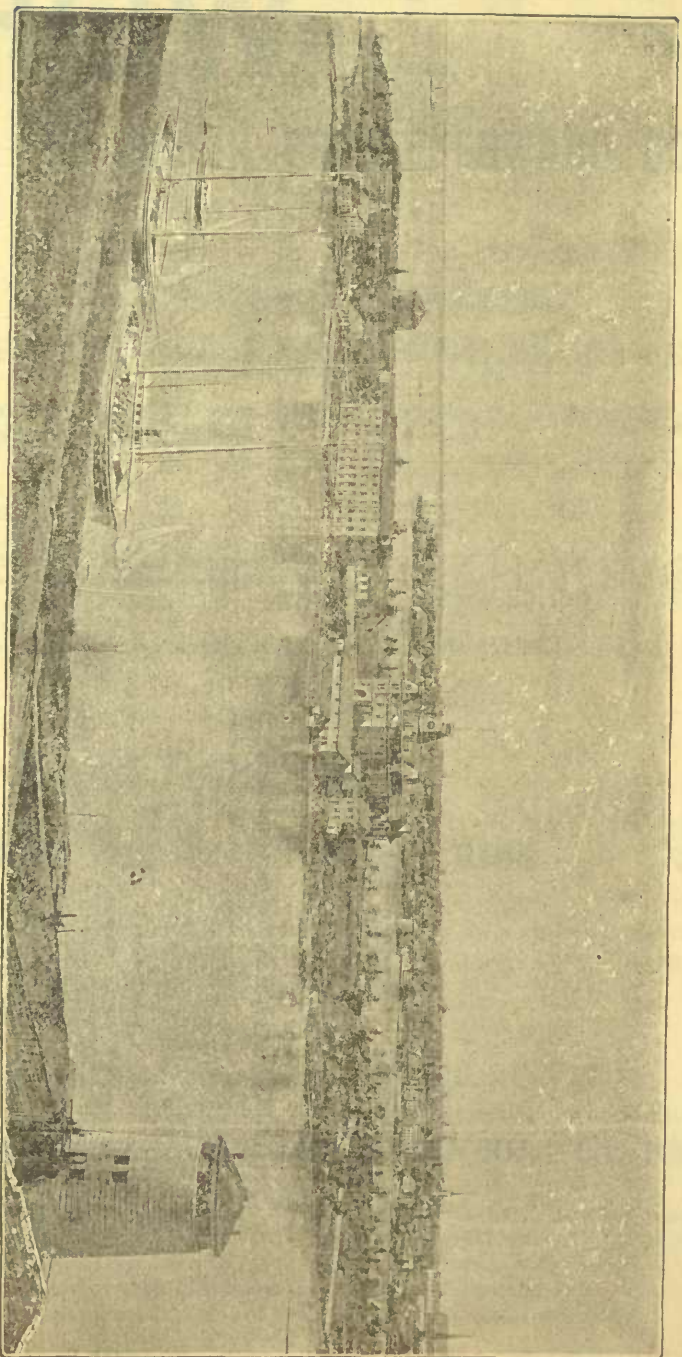
CALM and serene is her front, the city that guardeth the gateway ;
 She to whom storm is but laughter, who maketh the torrent her mock ;
 She who is fortress-crowned, who beareth a fleet in her bosom,
 Who is girdled with green, and clothed with a glory of leaf and of blossom—
 City enthroned on the rock !

Memory, tradition are hers, haunting her name like a perfume ;
 When smiling rivals were not she could murmur, "I live."
 Here for a hundred years she has set her face to the morning,
 Whisper of praise she heeds not, softly the answer returning :
 "Mine not to seek but to give !"

Fair is she in the spring-time when a bride-veil of mist wreaths her islands ;
 Fair when the flashing crystals gleam white in the frost king's breath ;
 Fair when her domes and her towers are in summer-tranced waters beholden ;
 But fairest of all when in splendors ruddy and golden
 Her maples go down to their death.

More than beauty is hers—great lives claim her as their cradle ;
 Names that shall never die are inscribed on the roll of her fame.
 When, in the time to come, are repeated in song and in story
 Deeds of the heroes of old, with a share in their glory
 Men shall utter her name.

* Kingston.



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Leaves Picton every Monday at 2 p. m. sharp for Montreal, running all rapids,
including Lachine. Leaves Montreal every Thursday at 10 a. m. for all river
and bay ports. Magnificent accommodation for passengers' trip.

Lake Ontario, Murray Canal, Bay of Quinte, 1000 Islands,
and all St. Lawrence Rapids.

FOR ROCHESTER, Charlotte, New York, and all way
ports east & west, Saturday 11 a. m.
Sunday in Rochester, Garden City of America, reaching Charlotte, Coney
Island of Lake Ontario, Saturday evening.

Cabin accommodation unsurpassed ; low rates.

For further particulars apply to Captain
Smith on board steamer or to

A. W. HEPBURN, PICTON, ONT.

CONNECTION AT KINGSTON FOR NEW YORK STATE AND 1000 ISLANDS.



The St. Lawrence River Steamboat Company Steamers

Leave foot of Brock street, Kingston, daily (Sundays excepted) at 5 a. m. and 2:45 p. m. (upon arrival Grand Trunk railroad train from the west), connecting at Cape Vincent, N. Y., with New York Central and Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroads. Through sleeping car from Cape Vincent to Albany, New York and intermediate points. Shortest and cheapest route between Ontario and points in New York state.

Thousand Islands.

Steamer Islander leaves Kingston daily at 4 p. m. for Clayton, Alexandria Bay and Thousand Island points, arriving at Alexandria Bay at 7:25 p. M. Connection is made at Clayton with through sleeping car for all important points in New York state. Returning, the steamer leaves Alexandria Bay at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Kingston at 11:30 a. m.

B. W. FOLGER, JR., G. P. A.

HENRY FOLGER, Gen. Man.

John Henderson & Co.,

83 Princess Street,

KINGSTON, - - - ONT.

DEALERS IN : : :

Stationery,

Fancy Goods,

Sporting Goods,

AND Music.

All the leading magazines, latest novels and newspapers. Views of Kingston in books. Also mounted and unmounted.

Deseronto Navigation Co.,

LIMITED.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways for Picton and all Bay of Quinte ports.

SURE CONNECTIONS WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. ROCKET (Sundays excepted) leaves Picton, 6 a. m. ; Deseronto, 7:30 ; arrive Belleville, 9:30 ; leave Belleville, 10 ; arrive Trenton, 11:30 ; leave Trenton, 1 p. m. ; arrive Belleville, 2:15 ; leave Belleville, 3 ; arrive Deseronto, 5 ; leave Deseronto, 5:25 ; arrive Picton, 7.

STR. ELLA ROSS (Sundays excepted) leaves Napanee, 6 a. m. ; leaves Deseronto, 7 ; arrive Picton, 8:30 ; leaves Picton, 3 p. m. ; leave Deseronto, 5 ; arrive Napanee, 6.

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with mails and passengers for G. T. R. going east as follows :

Leave Picton, 9:30 a. m. ; arrive Deseronto, 11 ; leave Deseronto, 1 p. m. ; arrive Picton, 2:30.

Best and Quickest Route Between Kingston.

* * Express through.

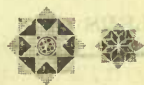
Purchase your Tickets via Deseronto Junction. * *

DESERONTO TO OSWEGO. * * *

AND all U. S. points. The comfortable and fast sailing Steamers, **RESOLUTE** and **RELIANCE**, sail regularly (weather permitting) for Oswego. Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line. Cheap rates for freight. Fares moderate. The Steamers are open for engagements for excursionists at all times. For particulars apply to

The Rathbun Co., Deseronto.

STEAMER **VARUNA**



CAPTAIN J. A. PORTE.

LEAVES Brighton every morning, (Sundays Excepted) at 5:30 o'clock, (via the beautiful Murray Canal), Trenton 7 o'clock, calling at all points between the head of the bay and Picton, leaving Belleville 8:30 a. m., and Deseronto 10:20 a. m. Leaves Picton at 1 p. m., on return for the head of the bay, Deseronto 2:30 p. m., Belleville 4:30 p. m., Trenton 6:25 p. m.

1000 ISLANDS. Leaves Picton Saturdays in July and August at noon for 1000 Island Park, returning Monday morning.

A. W. HEBURN, Agent, Picton.



GLEN ISLAND.



BAY OF QUINTE MASKINONCE.

How To Reach Glen Island

BEING in the direct line of through travel east and west, Glen Island is very accessible. The Grand Trunk Railway mail line from Toronto to Montreal makes direct connections with the bay ports, Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Picton, Napanee and Kingston, from which elegant steamers daily, some hourly, call at Glen Island or Glenora, the latter place being but one mile from Glen Island, with ferry connection between.

The morning express from Toronto connects daily with the steamers at Deseronto, Napanee and Picton, which land passengers at the Island the same afternoon; and with the steamer at Kingston, which stops at Glenora opposite.

The Royal Mail line steamers from Toronto going east land passengers at Kingston, where the Hero can be taken to Glenora daily. This is a delightful trip. On returning they connect at Deseronto with the Rathbun steamer, making direct connection from the Island.

The route from the east is quite as convenient.

Although so easily reached, Glen Island affords all the isolation and retirement found in the backwoods, a great charm to the lover of nature in her pristine wildness.

ATTRACTIONS.

The scenery around the Island is unsurpassed on the Continent. The bathing is excellent, and the shores slope so gradually that there is absolutely no danger to children and those who cannot swim. The boating is all that could be desired. No tides or currents or treacherous squalls. A canoe can traverse the bay with perfect safety. The fishing has been recommended enthusiastically by international anglers for years. Lawn tennis and croquet grounds, &c., &c.

Daily mail and papers.

But a stone's throw away is the far-famed Lake on the Mountain. A delightful half-hour's ride on the steamer takes you to Picton, a beautiful little town of some 3,000 inhabitants. From there an hour and a quarter's drive through a lovely country brings one to the Sand Banks, an interesting sight, and you are back to the Island the same evening. The Thousand Islands are but a few hours' ride by steamer from the Island.

Spring well water, cold and pure, an old fashioned country well on the Island. This will be appreciated by parents who dread the deadly ice water in the hot weather.

RATES.

Board, per week	- - - -	\$6 00
Board and lodging, per week	- - - -	7 00
" " per day	- - - -	1 50
Children under 10	- - - -	Half rate

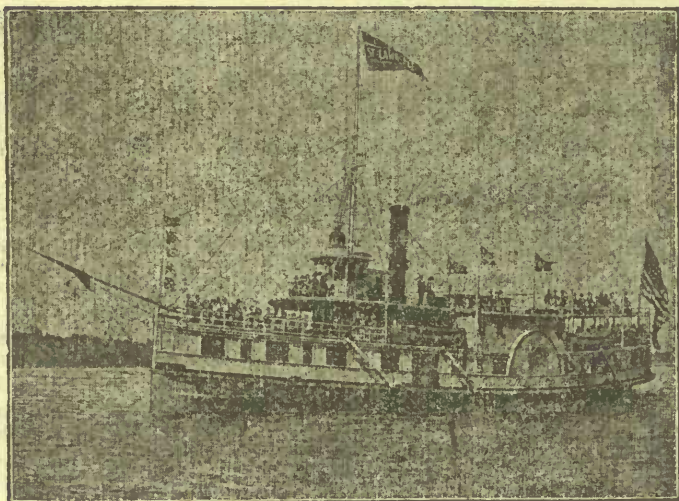
Furnished cottages from \$3 to \$5 per week, as per size and accommodation required.

Furnished and unfurnished cottages can be had by the week or season by those who wish to board themselves at nominal rates.

Boats, bait and fishing tackle supplied.

N. B.—As the number of cottages is limited, it is desirable that those who contemplate visiting the Island during the season should make application for accommodation required as early as possible. Address

DINGMAN BROS., - - - GLEN ISLAND, via Picton, Ontario.



FIFTY-MILE RAMBLE.

The fast and popular side-wheel, steel plate "Greyhound of the River," the **camer St. Lawrence**, makes a daily fifty-mile ramble among the thickest and most picturesque of the Islands, threading the narrowest channels, and passing the famous "Fiddler's Elbow," "Lost Channel," "Devil's Oven," "Echo Point," "Fairy Land," and the renowned labyrinth of wild Canadian Isles, whose charms surpass all others.

Leaving Alexandria Bay the course of the excursion boat is up the American channel, touching at each important point. After leaving Clayton she proceeds around the head of Grindstone Island, a large domain containing many farms and distinguished by bold headlands.

As the steamer passes the head of Grindstone Island, she crosses the international boundary line, traverses the broad open reach toward Howe Island, which appears at first glance to be a part of the mainland, and presently threads among a maze of precipitous islets, a number of which are crowned by brightly painted cottages occupied by professors of both Canadian and American colleges, and of prominent families of the Dominion. It is a jolly sort of a literary Venice.

Below this, the steamer enters that wild and lovely region of the Island group which may be aptly called the "wilderness." Here nature rests unsullied by the hand of human invaders. Save for an occasional farm house, the frequent light-houses and a few dog-day camps, the scores of forest-clad gems in this pellucid channel are as they were when the Iroquois war-canoes swept silently past them to carry death among the hapless Hurons far down the river. Contracted channels, sharp turns, and resonant echoes are features of this panorama of solitude.

Once more in American waters, the river's gay summer life is manifest on every hand. It is a tour to be made again and again, for it never becomes commonplace. There is another phase of this voyage which has been introduced within recent years.

Electric Search Light Excursion from Kingston to Alexandria Bay.

The most poetic experience possible in a summer's outing is the Electric Search Light Excursion passing through the 1000 Islands. The steamer St. Lawrence at eight o'clock in the evening is aglow with electric points of light. A great shifting eye of flame above her pilot-house searches out the dark waters and through the sinuous channels. Isles of silver flash into being, then vanish; drifting sail craft and speeling steam-yachts gleam in sharp silhouette upon the pall of night. Thousands of iridescent lights flash and twinkle where the happy Islanders burn their merry greetings in clouds of crimson fire. Swift rockets pierce the starry skies, and the music of floating argosies of pleasure comes sweetly over the sleeping tide. From time to time the profound and awe-inspiring solitude is awakened by rounds of applause from the delighted passengers as scene after scene of surpassing beauty is snatched from the darkness by the lightning grasp of this illuminating ray. The magnificence of the illuminations of the hotels and private islands, as the steamer approaches Alexandria Bay upon her return, late upon a still summer evening, must stir to enthusiasm the most phlegmatic traveler.—New York Central Guide.

"The Columbian" ==

This commodious hotel now in course of erection will be opened to the public on

May 15th, 1893.

Broad Southern Piazzas Overlooking the Picturesque **Bay of Quinte (::)**

to the north, while to the south lies the far-famed and mysterious

LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN

which affords the best of fishing.

Lighted by Electricity throughout.

Waterworks and all other Modern Conveniences.

Hotel Circular and Terms mailed on application

Address "The Columbian," Box 282, Picton, Ontario.

SAND BANKS' HOTEL

This well known and popular summer resort is situated on a point of land running out into Lake Ontario. Its natural advantages as a summer resort are unequalled.

The Sand Banks are a great natural curiosity that must be seen to be appreciated. Boating and fishing unsurpassed.

❀ ❀ RATES. ❀ ❀

Adults per week for two or more weeks in cottage	\$5 50
Adults per week for two or more weeks in hotel	5 00
Adults per week for single week in hotel	7 00
Adults per day	1 25
Children under five years of age per week	2 50
Children over five and under ten	3 00
Children over ten and under fourteen	4 00
Children over fourteen	5 00
Maids per week	4 00
Rooms in bathing house per week	25
Horses kept per week	3 50

Daily Mail and Telephone in Connection with Hotel.

Guests will be met at Picton or Wellington.

McDONALD & HYATT, Proprietors,

Sand Banks P. O., Prince Edward County-

The Rathbun Co.,

Picton, Ontario.



DEALERS IN ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

**Wooden Building Material, Coal, Salt, Lime,
Land Plaster, Portland Cement, Native Cement.**

Is a branch of the Rathbun Company's works at Deseronto, where very extensive factories exist for the manufacture of

**Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Pickets, Heading, Posts, Railway Ties, Telegraph
Poles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Boxes, and all descriptions of
Finished Wooden Building Materials.**

**VESSELS BUILT AND REPAIRED, AND
ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF RAILWAY CARS.**

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❁ **Porus Terra Cotta Building Material.** ❁

This is a product resulting from intermixing clay and saw-dust and burning same. The result is a porous or spongy product, about one-half the weight of brick, having great strength, and being impervious to heat or cold. It is rapidly becoming known as the most desirable building material, and is manufactured in any shape required.

At Napanee Mills this Company have established large works for the manufacture of

Portland and Native Cements.

The "STAR" brand of Portland Cement is rapidly becoming known in Canada as unexcelled by any foreign brand. The Native Cement, known as "NAPANEE CEMENT," has been in the market for years past, and has an excellent reputation.

The Local Agent at Picton, or the Company at Deseronto, are at all times glad to answer correspondents or personal visits.

THE

GLOBE



ESTABLISHED 1844.



Daily Morning Edition \$6

Daily Second Edition \$4

Saturday Illustrated, 20p., \$2

Weekly, 16p., \$1

Per Annum.

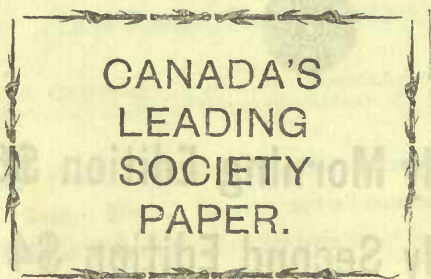


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Toronto Saturday Night contains twelve large and finely illustrated pages devoted to society, current events, art, fashions, music, the drama, literature, high-class fiction and attractive advertisements.

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Everybody
in Kingston
reads the
News

59th Year. ❀

The British Whig

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

DAILY, 2,000.

WEEKLY, 6,700.



Kingston had 19,264 people by the government census of 1891
With its village suburbs it can claim 22,143.

The city is the Educational, Business and Distributing Centre of
Eastern Ontario.

Has double as many Conservative subscribers as any Conservative
paper in the Central District.

And double as many Liberal subscribers as any Liberal paper in
the district.

Over four times the issue of any other Kingston weekly ; over three
times the issue of any paper published in the ten surrounding counties.

No other circulation in Ontario, east of Toronto, exceeds 4,500 ; no
Ontario paper, except those issued in Toronto and London, has so large
an issue. More WHIGS circulate in the district than other papers of all
sorts combined.

Canada sustains 872 Papers. THE WEEKLY WHIG challenges each
one to show so preponderating a circulation in its own section.

The Picton Times

ESTABLISHED 1854.



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NEARLY
10,000
READERS
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ISSUE.



J. W. McLean, .: Publisher,

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THE ONLY PERFECT FENCE.

BEST
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WOVEN WIRE FENCING

64 cts. per Rod and Upward.

Twisted Wire Rope Selvage.

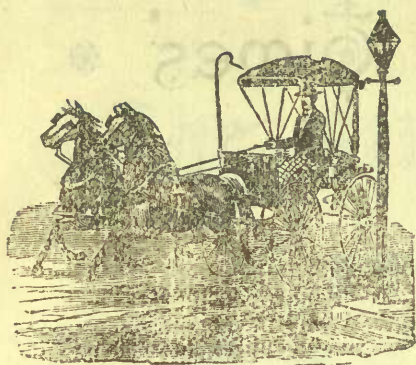
All widths and sizes. Sold by all dealers in this line.
Freight prepaid. Information free. Write

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Picton, Ontario, or to our Wholesale Agents,

The B. Greening Wire Co., Jas. Cooper,
Hamilton. Montreal.

No rigid twists. Wire galvanised before weaving.
Perfectly adjusted for extremes of cold and heat. A
complete barrier against all animals. No trouble to erect.



—THE—
Only First-Class Livery

IN TOWN.

Nothing but first-class rigs kept.

Single and double rigs always ready.

The patronage of both old and new customers respectfully solicited.

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CITY NURSERIES,

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Shade Trees, extra large and healthy, the very best stock in Canada.

Choice Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Norway Spruce, Flowering Shrubs, Fine Cacti, Palms and Ferns.

Choice Roses, Fashionable Wedding Flowers, Lovely floral Offerings.

Delivered to all parts safely.

All Stock First-Class.

Prices Reasonable.

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DEALER IN

Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Lead & Iron Pipe and Fittings,  
Baths, Pumps, Bird Cages, Fishing Tackle,  
and General House Furnishings.

Fishing Tackle of all Varieties a Specialty.

PICTON, ONTARIO.

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## Go to G. M. Farrington,

The Leading Merchant Tailor, Hatter, Men's Furnisher,  
Boys' and Youth's Clothing, Furs.

A complete stock at all seasons of the latest styles in all departments.  
Special attention is given to our ordered work, suits, overcoats, etc.  
Our Shirts, Ties, Collars and Cuffs are the latest always.

Fine Goods. \* Latest Styles. \* Low Prices.

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**EMBALMING.** We desire to call the attention of the public to a prominent feature in connection with our business. For several years we have practiced the embalming of the dead and our Mr. Lighthall has recently completed a course of study, lectures and practical instruction which has extended over a number of years and has received a diploma certifying his competence in the art from a skilful and reliable specialist in embalming. We are therefore now better prepared than ever in this particular department and can guarantee that our work will be done in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Embalming may be done for temporary purposes or for a number of years. The processes employed by us preserve a life-like appearance and are applied without any mutilation whatever to the remains.



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Rubber Balls, Canes, Sleighs, Express Wagons.

(--):--: Wedding Cakes Iced and Trimmed.

**PICTON, ONT.**

# A Magnificent Summer Resort at BRICK KILN POINT.

**S**ITUATED on the right of Pieton Harbor beginning at the street leading out of town toward Glenora, is a fine, extensive property

## FOR SALE.

From the road the land slopes gradually down into a lovely, miniature valley, looking north over the beautiful Pieton Bay, (see illustration : Pieton Bay from Brick-kiln Point) and west of this a beautiful, high level reach of land runs out into the water forming a picturesque Point in the sheltered Harbor. At the shore are a number of beautiful willows and evergreens ; hemlocks and cedars ; and on the broad plateau behind them, strewn with evergreens and juniper bushes, is a fine site for an **EXTENSIVE SUMMER HOTEL**. A wharf could easily be built off this Point where hotel guests could be landed from steamers which pass within a few yards of it on their way to the wharves above.

There are, in all, five acres more or less of fine grassy soil, well wooded about and beyond the shores, and beautifully situated.

There is also a splendid site for a large summer hotel on the high land, near the street, and a hotel in either place could easily be lighted by electricity and supplied with water from the Reservoir.

For further particulars apply to

**R. V. ROGERS, ESQ., Q. C.,**

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

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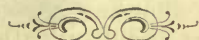
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## The . Pieton . Gazette,

Pieton, Ontario, Canada.

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR THE HOME AND FARM.**

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S. M. CONGER & BRO.

# FOR SALE.

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## "VILLENEUVE PLACE."



— SEE ILLUSTRATIONS —



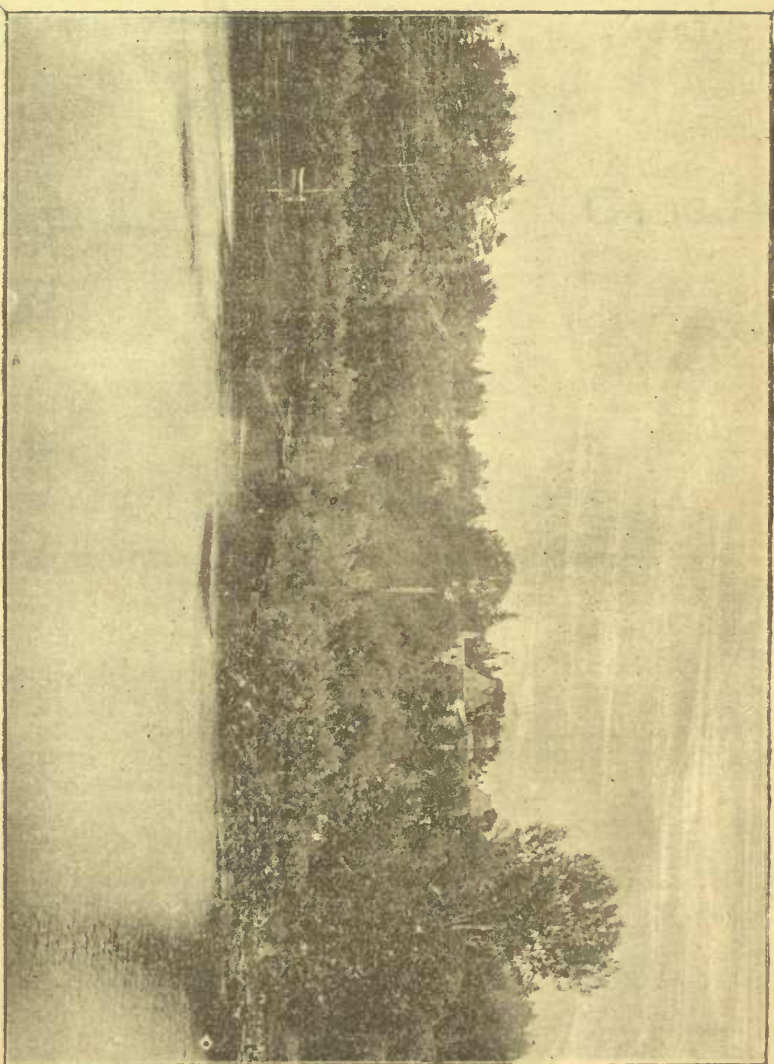
Situated on the right of Picton Harbor is a beautiful and extensive property FOR SALE. The house, of French Gothic style, contains a large number of apartments, including a unique ball-room, artistically frescoed; also, servants' rooms. There are a number of airy balconies and quiet nooks here and there well shaded by beautiful foliage, so that the building, used as a hotel, would be a charming one for a summer resort. There is also an eligible site by it for a GRAND SUMMER HOTEL which, it is said, would prove a great success to a syndicate. Nowhere can a more charming spot be found for such purpose. The grounds (about 20 acres in all) have a large water frontage bordered with willows, the house occupying a pleasant eminence overlooking portions of the town, its picturesque suburbs and Picton Bay; and, though possessing all the desirable qualities of a country place, are within ten minutes walk from the central part of the town. All the steamers calling at Picton pass close by to their wharves just above, and through the long summer season many excursion boats come in, deluging the place with delightful music.

On the left of the house, close to the water's edge is a magnificent pine grove affording a cool and enchanting retreat in hot weather; several long, beautiful paths run the entire length of it with here and there an inviting rustic seat in the green shadows. Many birds sing, and an occasional squirrel chatters overhead.

Fruit trees: fine apples, gages, plums, and pears are abundant in the orchards.

On the extreme right is a beautiful miniature tableland attractive with broad-leaved maples, its grassy slopes adorned with handsome evergreens—this would be a most delightful spot for an Orchestra on gala days and warm summer evenings.





FROM A NEGATIVE,

Villeneuve House.

BY W. E. JOHNSON.





VILLENEUVE PLACE FOR SALE (Continued).

The place throughout could easily be lighted by electricity and supplied with water from the Reservoir.

For further particulars apply to

Fred Low, Esq.,

Picton, Ontario, Canada.

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BARRISTERS, ETC.

SOLICITORS FOR DOMINION BANK.

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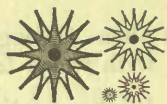
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Barristers, etc., - PICTON.

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Kingston.

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special notice is the . . . . .

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## New Medical Hall,

It is situated on the north side of Main street, and ranks among the best in Central Ontario. The stock is large and fresh from the best markets, and covers a wide range of goods, such as Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Room Paper, Ceiling Decorations.

## Miscellaneous Goods, School and office requisites.



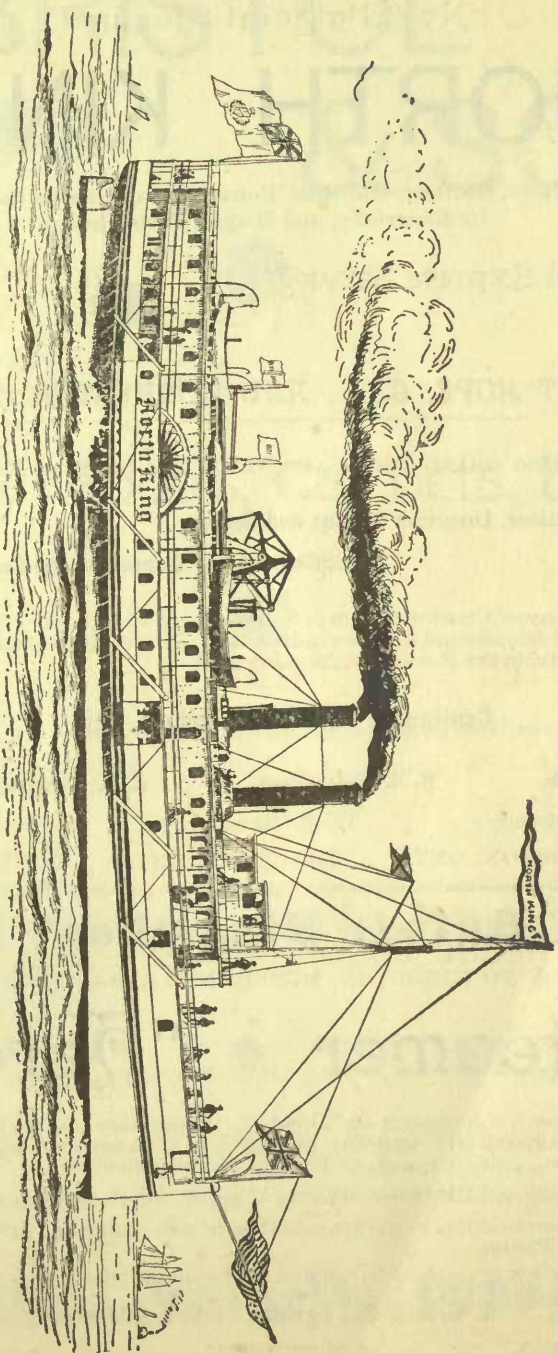
Plush Goods, Albums, and a fine assortment of  
Toilet Articles:

Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Perfumes in Bulk or  
Bottled, Cosmetics, &c., &c.

Prices lower than goods of this class are usually sold at.

DENTAL ROOMS in connection  
under the special supervision of

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PICTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.



The New Palatial Steamer NORTH KING, "one of the fastest and most powerful steamers on the whole chain of lakes."



New Palacial Steamer

# NORTH KING,

One of the Largest, Swiftest, and Most Powerful Steamers on the Lakes, lighted by Electricity, and Modern Throughout.

Fast Mail Express Service  
Between



PORT HOPE, CAN., AND ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

CONNECTING GRAND TRUNK AND NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAYS.

Reliable Connections, Luxurious Saloons and Berths,

Unexcelled Cuisine, Competent and Courteous Officers.

Steamer leaves Charlotte every Saturday at 4:25 p. m. Spends Sunday among the 1000 Islands and at Alexandria Bay. Returns to Charlotte, via Port Hope, for first train for Rochester, Monday a. m.

**\$2.50.** Continuous Round Trip Tickets, only **\$2.50.**

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H. H. Gildersleeve,

C. H. Nicholson,

General Manager,

Traffic Manager,

Gen. Pass. Fgt. Agt.,

KINGSTON, ONT.

KINGSTON, ONT.

PORT HOPE, ONT.

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## Bay of Quinte Steamboat Route

DAILY TO KINGSTON, DESERONTO & BELLEVILLE.

❧ Steamer ❧ "Hero" ❧

Leaves Picton for Kingston on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 a. m. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:30 a. m. Returning, leaves Kingston daily at 3:30 p. m., going through to Deseronto and Belleville.

Safe, Speedy and Elegant. Every Comfort for Passengers Assured.

The Hero offers to shippers the lowest rates, best despatch and careful handling. No wharfage at Picton.

Full information given by Mr. Gilbert Johnston on board, or

R. Benson, Agent,

A. Gunn & Co., Agents,

C. F. Gildersleeve, Gen. Man.,

PICTON.

KINGSTON.

KINGSTON.

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Their facilities for buying enable them to sell at the lowest prices possible.

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Orders by mail solicited, and samples sent when desired.

**∴ Picton, Ontario, Canada. ∴**

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